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GIANT SUMMER SPECIAL! 7 EXCITING HEROES! PLUS COLOR!



EERIE
#68

SEPT. 1975

EERIE

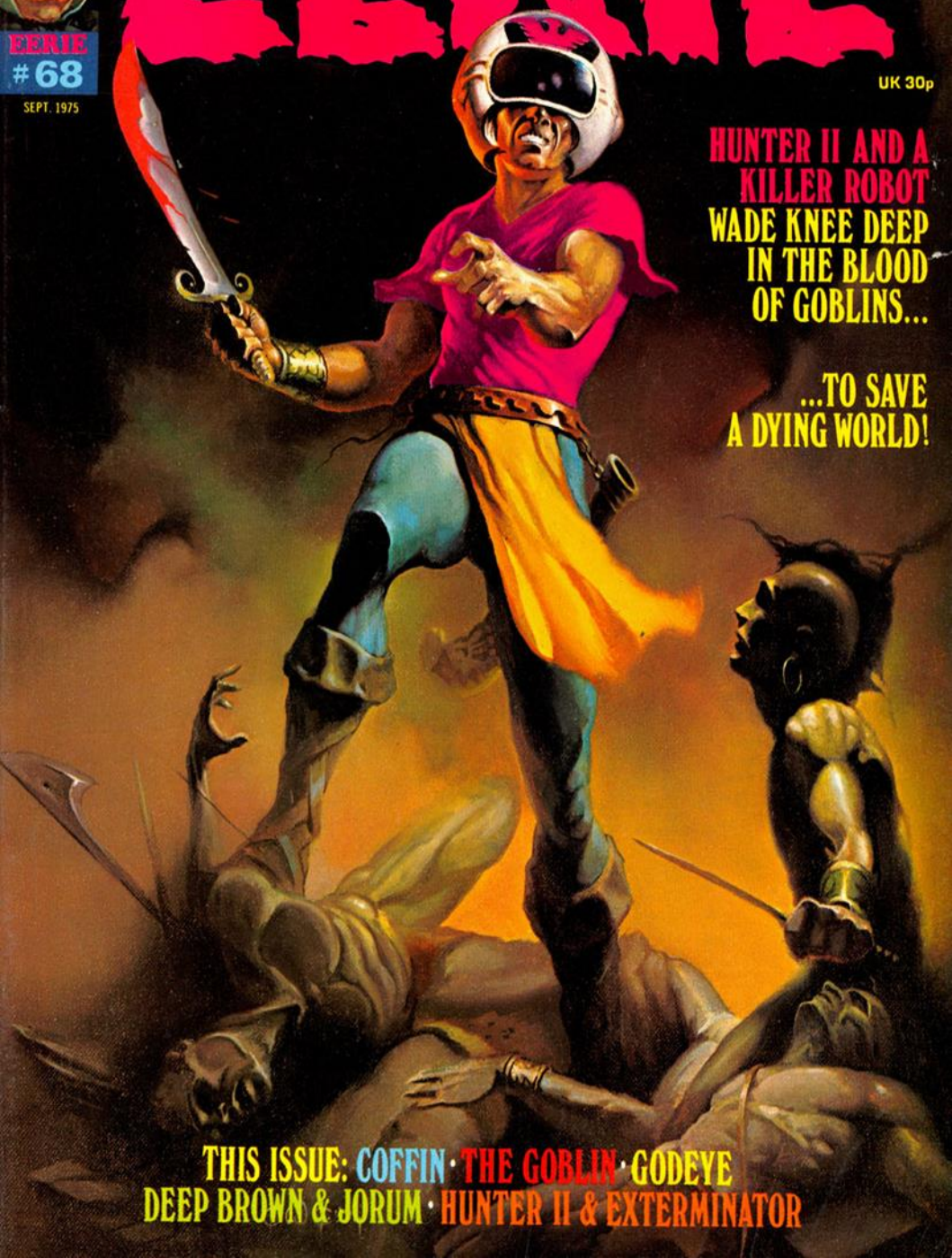
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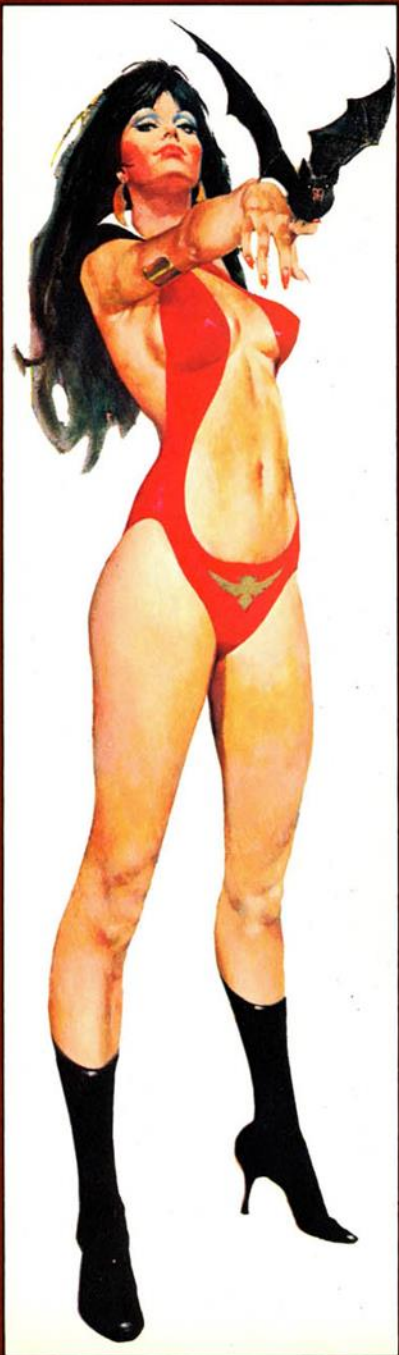
**HUNTER II AND A
KILLER ROBOT
WADE KNEE DEEP
IN THE BLOOD
OF GOBLINS...**

**...TO SAVE
A DYING WORLD!**



**THIS ISSUE: COFFIN · THE GOBLIN · GODEYE
DEEP BROWN & JORUM · HUNTER II & EXTERMINATOR**

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OUR COVER

Attacked by overwhelming foes, how can Karas Hunter remain alive. Has he reached the end of his quest? Drama captured by Ken Kelly!

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Editor
W.B. DuBAY

Production Manager
W.R. MOHALLEY

Assistant Editor
LOUISE JONES

Advertising Production
SHERRY BERNE

Cover
KEN KELLY

Artists This Issue
ESTEBAN MAROTO
PAUL NEARY
JOSE ORTIZ
LEOPOLD SANCHEZ
BERNI WRIGHTSON

Writers This Issue
BUDD LEWIS
JIM STENSTRUM
BERNI WRIGHTSON

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EERIE®

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ISSUE NO. 68
SEPTEMBER 1975

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DEAR COUSIN EERIE "El Cid was fantastic!" "A stupendous Sword and Sorcery epic!" "Unquestionably one of the best magazines Warren has published in years!" "A little obscure... but I thought it was tremendous!" Almost everybody loved El Cid!

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COMICS . . . PRODUCTION

You've followed the comic page from typewriter to drawing board. But what happens after that? It makes a short stop at the Production Department for finishing touches before making the final journey to the printer!

7

COFFIN: HALFWALK Once again abandoned in the desert, left to die, Coffin was unable to embrace death. He had been here before. But this time rescue was close at hand. He was cared for. Offered a job. As star monster in a carnival of circus freaks!

19

HUNTER II: GOBLIN Yaust, the Goblin Lord, was well versed in treachery... hell-bent to dominate his dying world. But now, two determined beings barred his way. Karas... Goblin slayer... Hunter II. And a specialized hero from the 22nd century!

29

GODEYE Chuck Mayhew was your ordinary draft dodger. His land of opportunity lay just beyond the Canada border. So why was he naked in a land where the hero was king and a man's sword did his talking? Why was he to do battle with the Cyclops?

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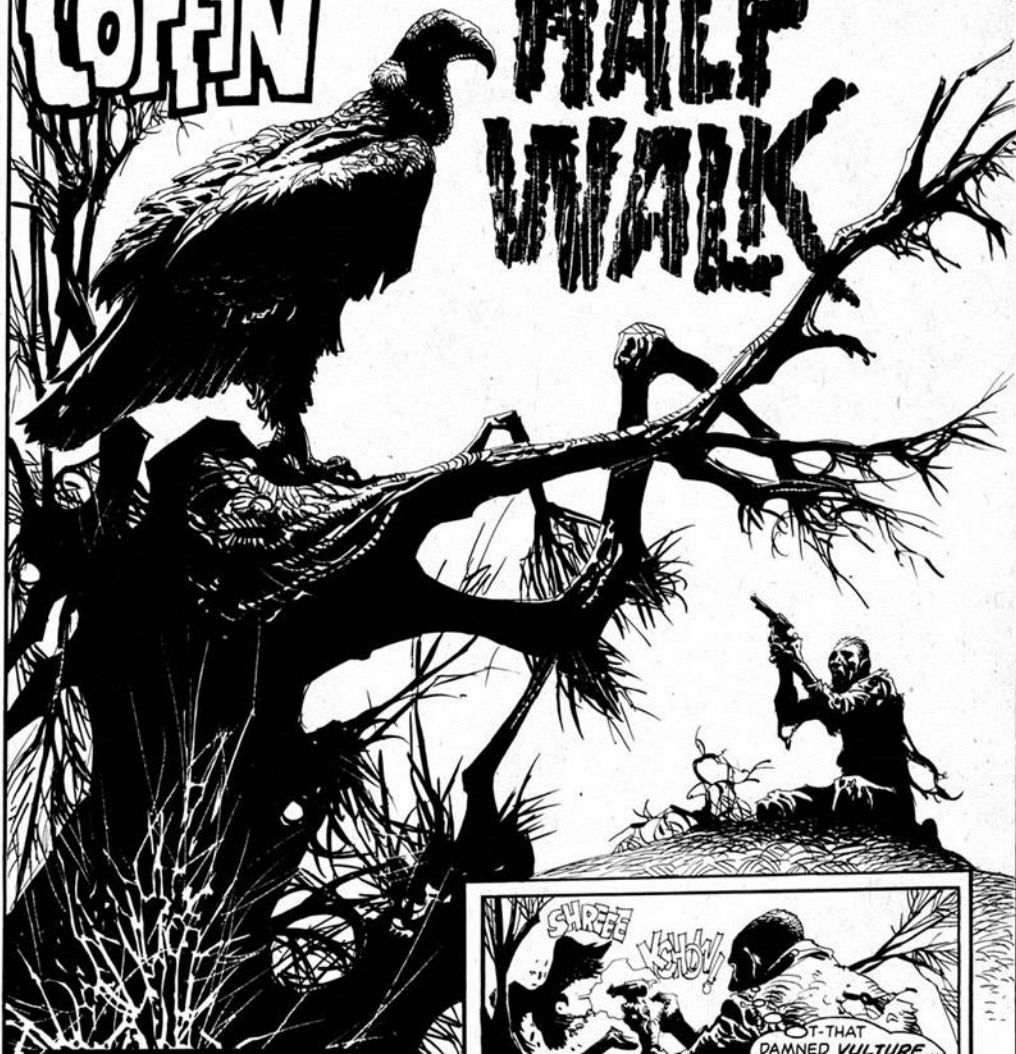
MUCK MONSTER Once an animal crawled forth from the primal ooze, stood on two legs and declared itself Man. Now man, calling himself God, has recreated that primal ferment. With no guarantee that what crawls out a 2nd time will be quite human.

51

DEEP BROWN & JORUM It's no fun being a hero if there's no one but yourself to enjoy it. Deep Brown and Jorum felt this way. Through twelve swashbuckling adventures, they were each other's best audience. Each was a hero and they were legend!

COFFIN

WALK



ARIZONA FALL. IN NEW ENGLAND THE TREES TURN **BRILLIANT** FROM THE CRISP AUTUMN MORNING CHILL. BUT THE DESERT, AWESOME AND GRAVE IN ITS SPRAWLING MAJESTY, PAYS NO HEED TO THE TURNING LATE OF A YEAR. SUCH IS ITS OVERPOWERING MIGHT, TO ATHWART THE CHILL AND CLING TO THE **BROLLING HEAT**.

FOR **MONTHS** NOW, A LONE, PATHETIC MAN HAS **WANDERED** IN THAT DESERT HEAT... HUNTING... SEARCHING FOR A WAY **OUT** OF THE WASTELAND... OR SEARCHING FOR A WAY TO **DIE**.

BUT HE CAN **NOT** DIE!
FOR HE HAS BEEN **CURSED**
WITH **ETERNAL LIFE!** HE IS
THE MAN CALLED **COFFIN!**



T-THAT
DAMNED VULTURE...
IT'S JUST WAITING
FOR ME TO
COLLAPSE!



YOU
GHOUL! YOU'RE
GONNA GET A
TASTE OF YOUR
OWN TONIC!..

HE **SHOULD** HAVE DIED A **THOUSAND** DEATHS IN THE TIME HE HAS SPENT IN THE DESERT. THE **PAIN** FROM THE BLAZING WHITE **SUN**...



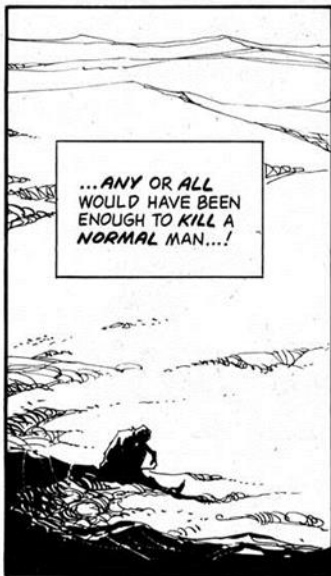
...THE SICKENING TORMENT OF A STOMACH TOO LONG WITHOUT **FOOD OR WATER**...



...THE UNBEARABLE TORTURE OF **ANTS** EATING FROM HIS BODY... GORGING THEMSELVES ON HIS EYE... HIS NOSTRILS... HALF HIS **FACE**...



...**ANY OR ALL** WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH TO **KILL A NORMAL MAN**...!



BUT **NOTHING** CAN END THE LIFE OF A MAN CURSED TO LIVE **FOREVER**!



NOT EVEN THE SHEER **WILL TO CEASE LIVING**!



THE MAN HAS ENDURED **MUCH** IN HIS DAYS IN THE HOT DESERT SUN. HE HAS **WASTED** FROM A **POWERFULLY** BUILT HUNTER INTO A BEING HELD TOGETHER BY A THIN LAYER OF **FLESH OF BONES**!

HE HAS **SEEN** MUCH, TOO. HE HAS SEEN THE **EVIL** OF THE HOT WASTELAND. IT SEEMS WITH EACH DAY, COMES A NEW **EVIL**... GREATER THAN THE LAST!



SEEMS TO ME THIS HERE
GENTLEMAN IS IN THE
NEEDS OF YOUR TENDER
MINISTRATIONS,
DOCTOR. SEE TO HIM.



YES SIR,
MISTER
HALFWALK!

THIS MAN SHOULD
BE DEAD! LOOKA
HERE! HIS EYE'S
BEEN EATEN OUT...
AND HALF HIS FACE IS
GONE. HE'S HORRIBLY
BURNT BY THE SUN.
MUST BE IN
UNBEARABLE
PAIN.



MORPHINE'S
GOOD FOR
WHAT AILS HIM!
CURE HIM UP,
DOC.



HALFWALK...
PLEASE
DON'T!



AW NOW,
CLENNIE. YOU
HAVEN'T EVEN
SEEN
THIS FELLA. HE'S
PERFECT... IF DOC
CAN MAKE HIM LIVE.
WHAT'S RIGHT IS
RIGHT, EH?

DON'T MOVE,
FELLA! YOU'RE
TOO WEAK. SHINE!
COME HELP THIS
MAN. QUICK!

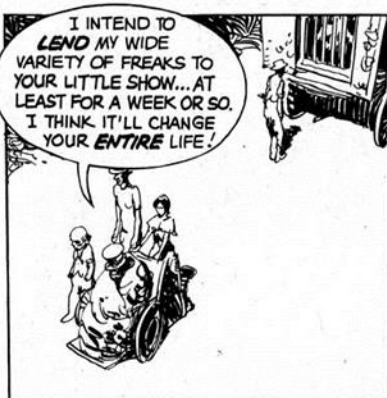


YES,
SUH.

PUT HIM ABOARD,
SHINE, AND LET'S
BE OFF. THERE'S A
CARNIVAL WAITING
FOR THE NEW
SHIPMENT
TONIGHT.







A NEW DAY COMES!
A NEW EVIL USHERS
IN WITH IT!

IT'S A
WILDMAN!

IT'S
SOME KINDA
MONSTER!

I'M
GONNA BE
SICK!

NO, DON'T GO
YET, MAYBE THEY'LL
GIVE IT ANOTHER
CHICKEN.

IT'S A **SIN**
AGAINST **GOD!**
THAT'S WHAT
IT IS!



THE CROWD'S
EATING IT
UP!

WAIT UNTIL THEY SEE
MY **OTHER** FREAKS.
MEET MY PRICES, AND
MY FREAKS
WILL MAKE
YOU **RICH**.

THESE FREAKS OF YOURS
SURE PULL'EM IN. BUT WHY
DON'T **YOU** FORM YOUR
OWN FREAK SHOW AND
GET RICH **YOURSELF?**

BECAUSE... I
ONCE WAS A FREAK.
IN NUMEROUS SHOWS
MYSELF. I'LL NEVER
BE A SLAVE TO THE
PUBLIC AGAIN.

BUT--!

I WAS SOLD
INTO A FREAK SHOW
WHEN I WAS A **CHILD!**
I GREW UP BITTER... BUT
DETERMINED TO GET
EVEN. AND, PERHAPS
THIS IS JUST MY WAY
OF **DOING** IT. I **SELL**
FREAKS, I DON'T
SHOW THEM.



THUS IT HAS
BECOME MY BUSINESS
TO TRAVEL,
FINDING NATURE'S
ODDITIES
AND--!

W-WHAT'S
THAT?

IN THE NAME
OF **JESUS LORD**,
A **CURSE** ON
THESE **SINNERS!**

GRAB
HER!!!

VENGEANCE IS
MINE, SAITH THE LORD!
HE SHALL JUDGE
AMONG THE **WICKED**
AND **REBUKE** THE
EVIL!

FER GOD'S
SAKE, CHARLIE,
GET THAT
GUN AWAY
FROM HER!

YOU **CRAZY**
OLD, PSALM
SINGING
BAT!

NO! NO!
SHE **KILLED**
THE **GEEK!**



BOSS! BOSS, THERE'S A
FIRE, IN THE LOT! TWO OR
THREE OF THAT FREAK
SALESMAN'S WAGONS
ARE AFIRE!

AW NO!!!
GET OUT THE
BUCKETS!

LET THE
CLEANSING
FIRES OF
HEAVEN
PREVAIL!



FIRE!
HEY RUBE!
FIRE! GET
BUCKETS, WET
BLANKETS!
GET IT OUT
BEFORE IT
SPREADS!



SHALL WE
GATHER AT THE
RIVER...



AWRIGHT, LADIES! I'VE
WARNED Y'ALL ABOUT SUCH
STUFF. Y'ALL'LL COME
ALONG PEACEFUL NOW.

OH MY GOD!
THERE'S PEOPLE
IN THEM THAR
WAGONS!



GET 'EM OUTTA
THERE!

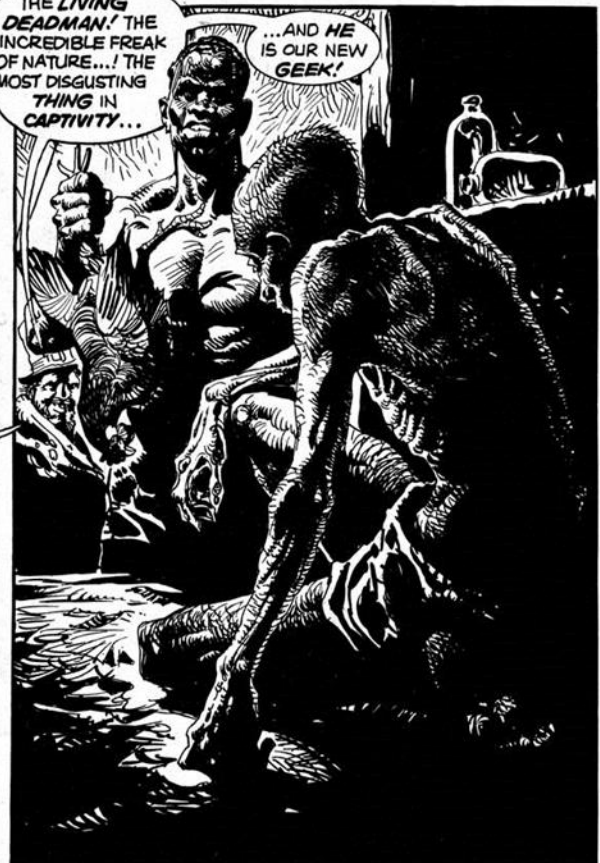


GOD...
LOOKIT...!
ITS GOT
THREE
LEGS!



WELL...
WITHER NOW,
HALF WALK?
WITHER NOW? I...
SUPPOSE... NEW
PROCUREMENT
IS IN ORDER! BUT
WHERE DOES ONE
FIND FREAKS AT
A MOMENT'S
NOTICE...? DOES
ONE INVENT
THEM?

TOO LATE!
THE FIRE'S
GOT THEM!



YOUR NEW "STAR" WILL
REQUIRE VERY LITTLE
ATTENTION. ONE
INJECTION OF THIS
PER DAY...
AND...



...A
CHICKEN
DINNER...!

...AND
PEOPLE WILL
FLOCK TO STUFF
YOUR POCKETS WITH
NICKLES AND DIMES
JUST FOR THE
PLEASURE OF
WATCHING HIM MAKE
THEM SICK!



HE'S MORE MAGNIFICENT
THAN ANYTHING I'VE
EVER SEEN. BUT... YOU
PROMISED TO PROVIDE
OTHER FREAKS TOO.



I WILL
PROVIDE! AS PER
MY PROMISE, I WILL
PROVIDE. HALFWALK
HAS NEVER YET
DISAPPOINTED A
CUSTOMER.

MORPHINE SURGES THROUGH THE
THE BODY OF THE MAN CURSED
WITH ETERNAL LIFE! IT NUMBS
THE PAIN OF HIS EXISTENCE.
AND IT NUMBS HIS MIND!



GONNA KEEP ME ALIVE...
KEEP ME ALIVE... KEEP
ME ALIVE... HAVEN'T
SUNK THAT LOW... SUNK
THAT LOW... THAT LOW.
GOD... HELP ME! HELP...
ME

MEMORIES BECOME
DREAM-LIKE. YET
ALWAYS BENEATH THE
DREAMS REMAINS
BRUTAL REALITY.





THE MORPHINE
BRINGS
NIGHTNESS...
BUT *NOT*
PEACEFULNESS.



HELP...
ME...!



THE MORPHINE BRINGS
FORGETFULNESS... BUT *NOT*
BLINDNESS.



THE MORPHINE BRINGS
PAINLESSNESS...



"I KNOW YOU
FIND THIS
DISTASTEFUL,
DOCTOR... BUT YOU
AND I ARE A FINE
TEAM. YOU
PERFORM YOUR
ARTISTRY AND
I'LL MAKE US
RICH WITH THEM.



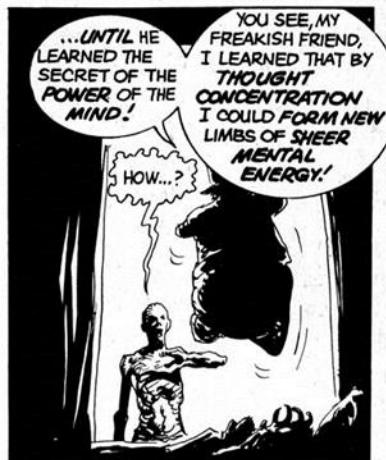
DO YOUR *BEST*. AND DO
BE EXTRA CAREFUL
WITH *HER*... MY SWEET
CLENNIE... MY SWEET,
TREACHEROUS CLENNIE.
BUT HURRY, THERE
WILL BE MORE
"PATIENTS" FOR YOU.
WE HAVE A FREAK SHOW
TO STOCK!



... BUT THE
MORPHINE
CANNOT
QUELL THE
HURTFULNESS
... IT CANNOT
DRY TEARS.







HUNTER II

2394 AD

IN THE GAME OF **SCAVENGE**
ONLY THE HUNTER WITH EX-
CEEDING SKILL AND GUILE
SURVIVES TO HUNT
TOMORROW.

TO BECOME A SKILLED STALKER OF PREY, YEARS
OF LEARNING MUST PASS, YET WHAT FORTIFIES
IGNORANCE WHILE THE TRADE IS LEARNED?
PROVIDENCE?

THIS
IS THE
ONE!

THIS IS
THE MIGHTY
BUTCHER?

HAIL, GREAT
WARRIOR... OH WARRIOR
WHO WALKS SWINE-LIKE
INTO THE JAWS OF THE
ENEMY!

GOBLIN



COME HERE, HERO
...AND KILL ME
FROM BEHIND!



UNSTEADILY THE HUNTER
READIES FOR THE
ONSLAUGHT...

COWERING FILTH!
SKULKING WARRIOR!
HERE! KILL ME
FIRST!



...AND WITHOUT YEARS OF
LEARNING BEHIND, HE IS
QUICK TO FALL...

SLITCH!



...BUT NOT QUICK
TO DIE!



COURAGE...WELLED UP FROM
BLIND PANIC, GIVES THE
YOUTHFUL HUNTER UNNATURAL
SPEED!



HE STAGGERS BENEATH A CRIPPLING
ATTACK, FLAILING NEARLY HELPLESS!


THEN, A REELING BLOW DELIVERED TO
THE HUNTER'S HEAD, SHATTERS HIS
SENSES... DIMMING HIS YOUTHFUL
HOPES FOR AN EASY KILL!




HE RUNS! ALL SENSE OF OBLIGATION FALLS FROM HIM AS HE
SHAKES LIKE A WET MONGREL AND BOLTS FOR HIS LIFE!




YOU WORM
EATERS! WHY DID
YOU LET HIM ESCAPE?



THE ONE WHO
KILLS THE MAN
GETS HIS HEART AND
LIVER FOR REWARD!



M-MAYBE IF I HIDE
...DOWN HERE! T-THEY'LL
GO AWAY SOON!



T-THEY HURT
ME! I'M
BLEEDING!



LOOK!
THERE HE IS!
SLAUGHTER
THE COW!




BOAM

COME ON, THEN!
LET'S HAVE IT, YOU
MOUTHY PIG!

HUH? A
SHOT! BUT
FROM WHERE?

AIEEE!




CLUMSY,
TRIPPING OVER
YOUR OWN FEET,
AREN'T YOU,
MAGGOT!

HERE! I
CAN USE
THAT WEAPON
OF YOURS!



YOU'LL
NEVER NEED
IT AGAIN!

SUKT!



I'LL EAT YOUR
GUTS FOR KILLING
MY BROTHER, HUMAN.
PREPARE TO DIE...!
AIEEEE!

BAMM!



WHO? WHO SHOT...
KILLED THOSE TWO
GOBLINS?

AND
WHY?

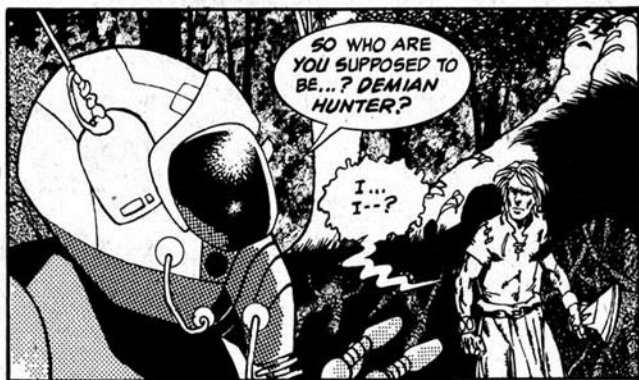


THERE WERE THREE
OF THE MONSTERS. IF
MY MYSTERIOUS SAVIOR
OUT THERE HADN'T BLASTED
AWAY TWO OF THEM, I'D
BE GONE RIGHT NOW!

I WONDER
WHO--?



OH MY
GOD!

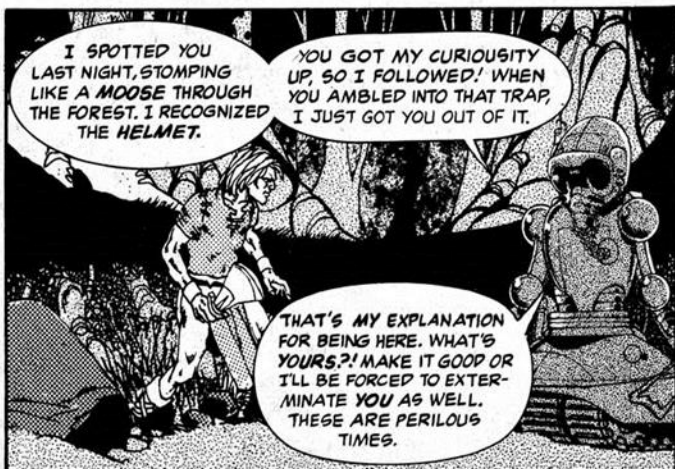


SO WHO ARE
YOU SUPPOSED TO
BE...? DEMIAN
HUNTER?

I...
I--?



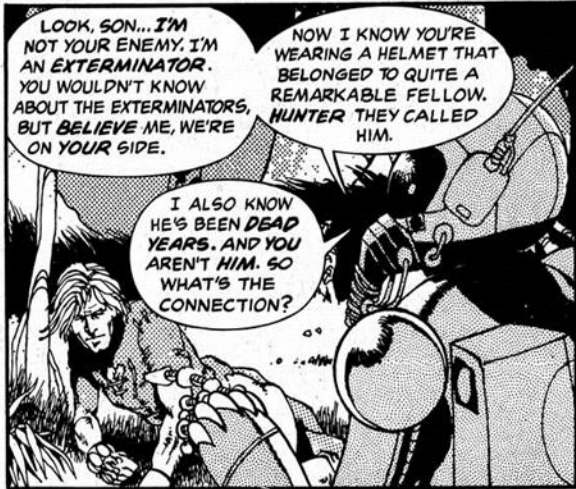
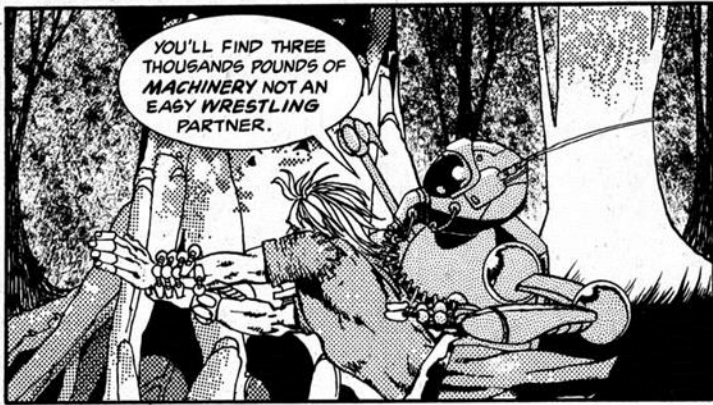
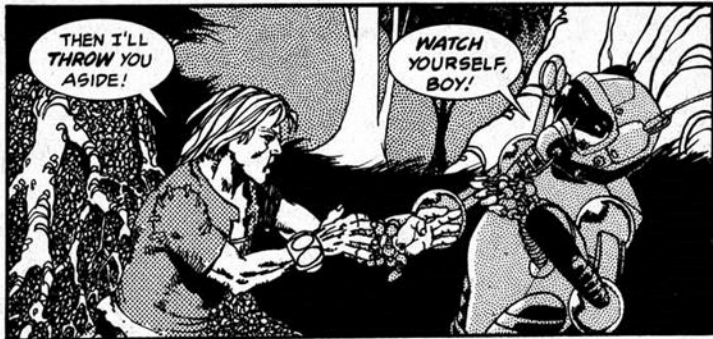
COME, BOY!
SPEAK OUT. YOU'RE
OBVIOUSLY WITH A
FRIEND. ELSE I
WOULDN'T HAVE WASTED
THIS MORNING KILLING
MUTANTS WHICH YOU
SHOULD HAVE HANDLED
YOURSELF.

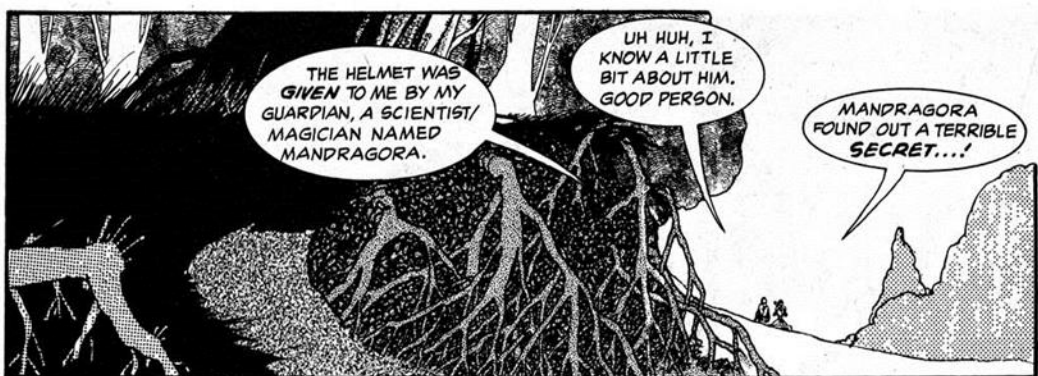


I SPOTTED YOU
LAST NIGHT, STOMPING
LIKE A MOOSE THROUGH
THE FOREST. I RECOGNIZED
THE HELMET.

YOU GOT MY CURIOSITY
UP, SO I FOLLOWED. WHEN
YOU AMBLED INTO THAT TRAP,
I JUST GOT YOU OUT OF IT.

THAT'S MY EXPLANATION
FOR BEING HERE. WHAT'S
YOURS?! MAKE IT GOOD OR
I'LL BE FORCED TO EXTER-
MINATE YOU AS WELL.
THESE ARE PERILOUS
TIMES.





THE HELMET WAS GIVEN TO ME BY MY GUARDIAN, A SCIENTIST/MAGICIAN NAMED MANDRAGORA.

UH HUH, I KNOW A LITTLE BIT ABOUT HIM. GOOD PERSON.

MANDRAGORA FOUND OUT A TERRIBLE SECRET...!



ABOUT THE EARTH DUE TO DIE?

HOW DID YOU--!

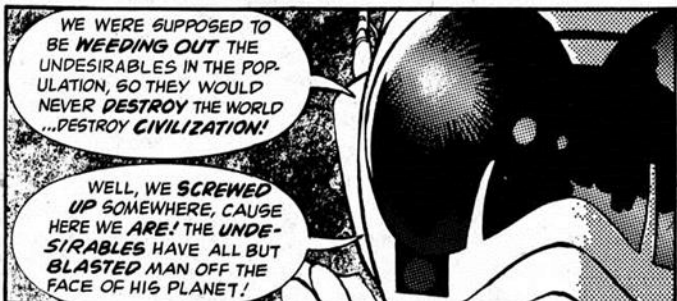
KNOWING THAT IS MY SOLE PURPOSE FOR EXISTENCE. THIS IS THE FUTURE EVERYONE ALWAYS TALKED ABOUT, PLANNED FOR, HAD HOPES FOR. WELCOME TO THE FUTURE, HERO!

THERE'S NOTHING MUCH HERE.



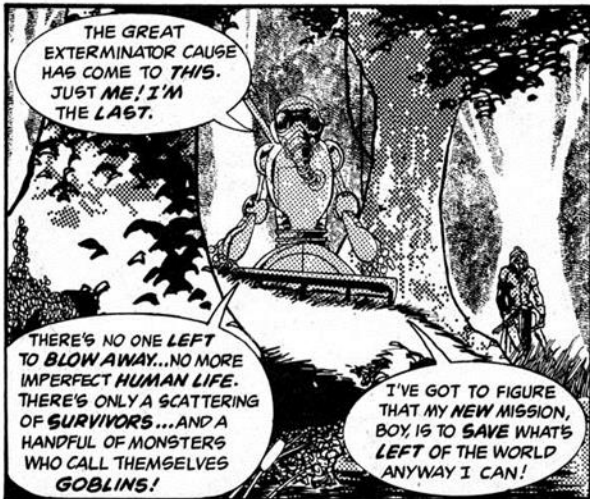
YEARS AND YEARS AGO THERE WAS AN ORGANIZATION... THE EXTERMINATOR FORCE!

THEY BUILT ABORTIONS LIKE ME... MACHINE MEN POWERED BY A HUMAN BRAIN, AND THEY SENT US OUT TO KILL IMPERFECT HUMANS!



WE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE WEEDING OUT THE UNDESIRABLES IN THE POPULATION, SO THEY WOULD NEVER DESTROY THE WORLD... DESTROY CIVILIZATION!

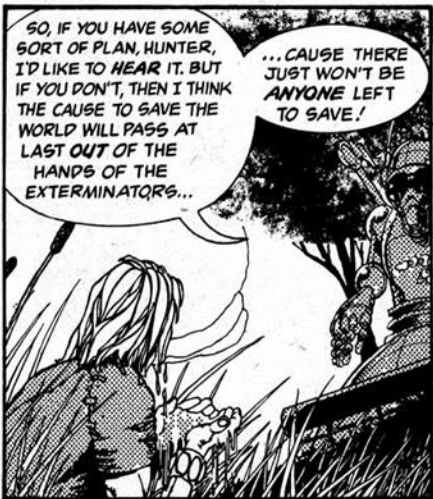
WELL, WE SCREWED UP SOMEWHERE, CAUSE HERE WE ARE! THE UNDESIRABLES HAVE ALL BUT BLASTED MAN OFF THE FACE OF HIS PLANET!



THE GREAT EXTERMINATOR CAUSE HAS COME TO THIS. JUST ME! I'M THE LAST.

THERE'S NO ONE LEFT TO BLOW AWAY... NO MORE IMPERFECT HUMAN LIFE. THERE'S ONLY A SCATTERING OF SURVIVORS... AND A HANDFUL OF MONSTERS WHO CALL THEMSELVES GOBLINS!

I'VE GOT TO FIGURE THAT MY NEW MISSION, BOY, IS TO SAVE WHAT'S LEFT OF THE WORLD ANYWAY I CAN!




SO, IF YOU HAVE SOME SORT OF PLAN, HUNTER, I'D LIKE TO HEAR IT. BUT IF YOU DON'T, THEN I THINK THE CAUSE TO SAVE THE WORLD WILL PASS AT LAST OUT OF THE HANDS OF THE EXTERMINATORS...


...CAUSE THERE JUST WON'T BE ANYONE LEFT TO SAVE!




OKAY, EXTERMINATOR...I'VE GOT A PLAN. AND SINCE YOU SEEM TO BE SO INTERESTED IN SAVING THE WORLD...COME ON ALONG. I'LL LET YOU GO WITH ME.



WELL...THANKS A LOT, HUNTER. AND SPEAKING OF HUNTER...YOU NEVER DID TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE UP TO. MANDRAGORA GAVE YOU THE OLD HELMET OF DEMIAN HUNTER. WHY?



I CAN FIGURE OUT THE PHOENIX OVER THE VISOR. OBVIOUSLY THE OLD BIRD IS DEAD, AND YOU'RE THE NEW PHOENIX RISEN FROM THE FUNERAL FIRE. VERY SYMBOLIC. BUT--!



I'LL EXPLAIN IT ALL! BUT RIGHT NOW WE'VE GOT TO COVER SOME GROUND. I DON'T HAVE TOO MUCH TIME! I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT TONIGHT.



UH...I WONDER IF YOU COULD TELL ME WHERE WE'RE GOING, THOUGH?




EAST! TO THE MOUNTAINS!



EAST?



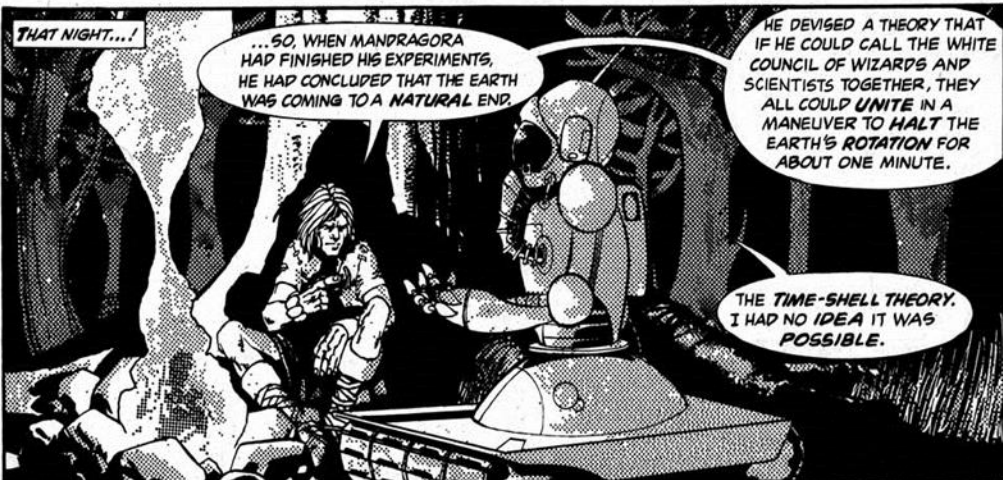
EAST IS THIS WAY, BOY!



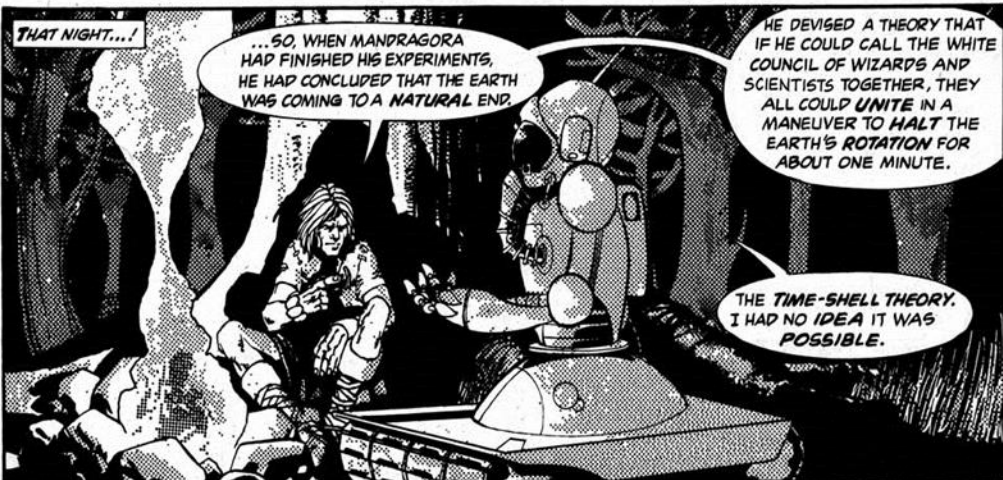
JEZUS! DO YOU HAVE A LOT TO LEARN!



THAT NIGHT...!



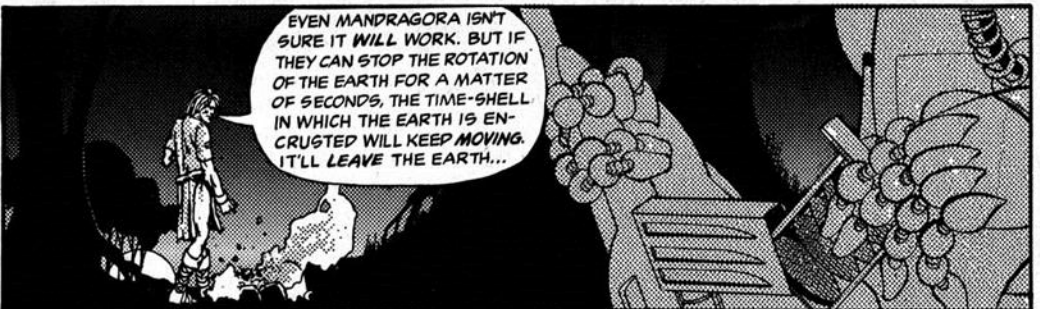
...SO, WHEN MANDRAGORA HAD FINISHED HIS EXPERIMENTS, HE HAD CONCLUDED THAT THE EARTH WAS COMING TO A NATURAL END.



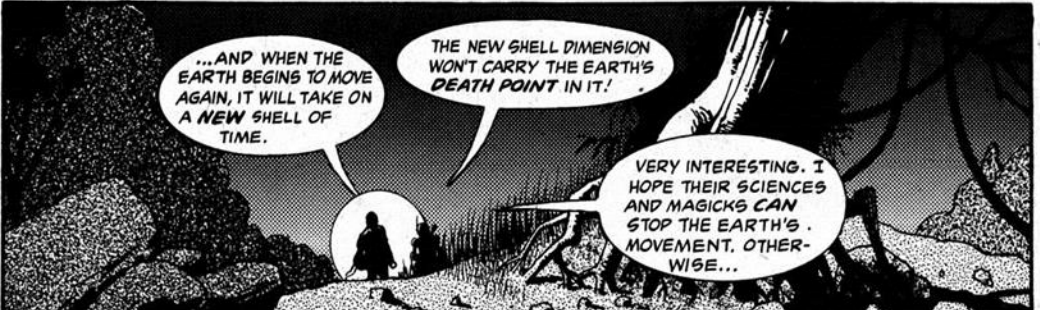
HE DEvised A THEORY THAT IF HE COULD CALL THE WHITE COUNCIL OF WIZARDS AND SCIENTISTS TOGETHER, THEY ALL COULD UNITE IN A MANEUVER TO HALT THE EARTH'S ROTATION FOR ABOUT ONE MINUTE.



THE TIME-SHELL THEORY. I HAD NO IDEA IT WAS POSSIBLE.



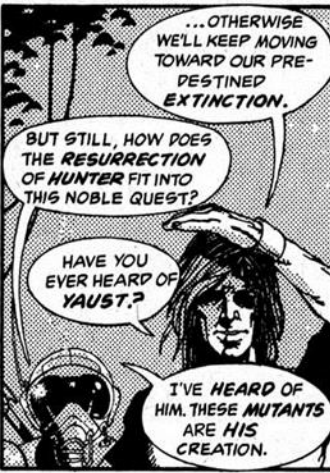
EVEN MANDRAGORA ISN'T SURE IT WILL WORK. BUT IF THEY CAN STOP THE ROTATION OF THE EARTH FOR A MATTER OF SECONDS, THE TIME-SHELL IN WHICH THE EARTH IS ENCRUSTED WILL KEEP MOVING. IT'LL LEAVE THE EARTH...



...AND WHEN THE EARTH BEGINS TO MOVE AGAIN, IT WILL TAKE ON A NEW SHELL OF TIME.

THE NEW SHELL DIMENSION WON'T CARRY THE EARTH'S DEATH POINT IN IT!

VERY INTERESTING. I HOPE THEIR SCIENCES AND MAGICKS CAN STOP THE EARTH'S MOVEMENT. OTHERWISE...

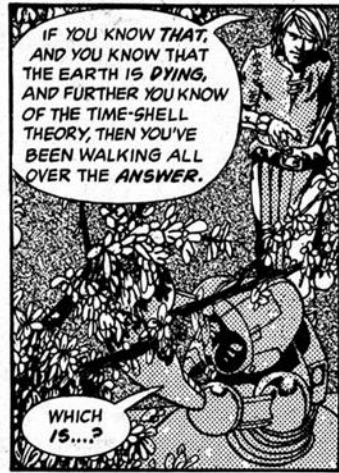


...OTHERWISE WE'LL KEEP MOVING TOWARD OUR PRE-DESTINED EXTINCTION.

BUT STILL, HOW DOES THE RESURRECTION OF HUNTER FIT INTO THIS NOBLE QUEST?

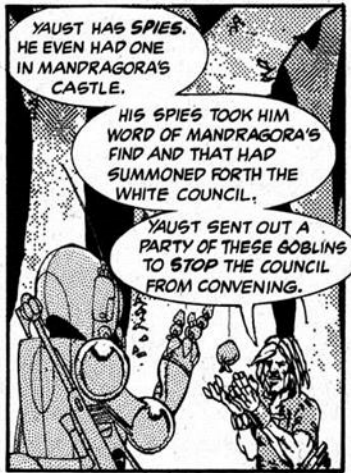
HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF YAUST?

I'VE HEARD OF HIM. THESE MUTANTS ARE HIS CREATION.



IF YOU KNOW THAT, AND YOU KNOW THAT THE EARTH IS DYING, AND FURTHER YOU KNOW OF THE TIME-SHELL THEORY, THEN YOU'VE BEEN WALKING ALL OVER THE ANSWER.

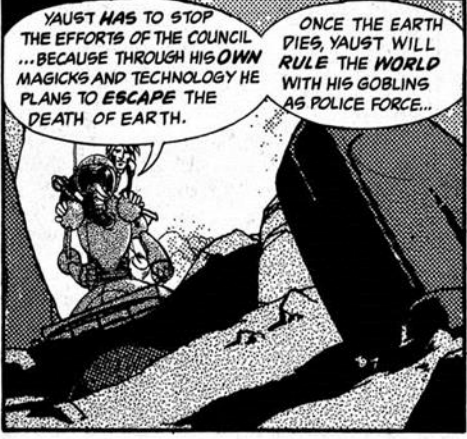
WHICH IS...?



YAUST HAS SPIES. HE EVEN HAD ONE IN MANDRAGORA'S CASTLE.

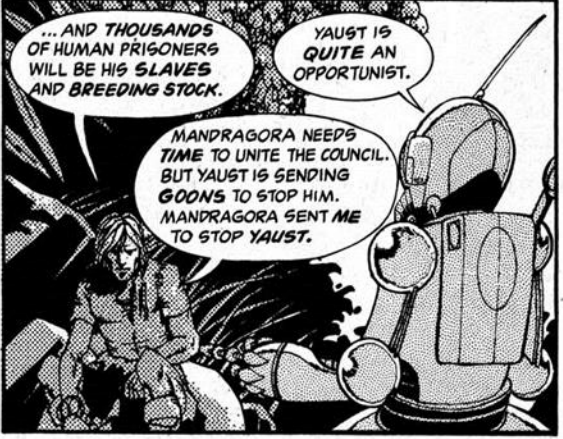
HIS SPIES TOOK HIM WORD OF MANDRAGORA'S FIND AND THAT HAD SUMMONED FORTH THE WHITE COUNCIL.

YAUST SENT OUT A PARTY OF THESE GOBLINS TO STOP THE COUNCIL FROM CONVENING.



YAUST HAS TO STOP THE EFFORTS OF THE COUNCIL ...BECAUSE THROUGH HIS OWN MAGICKS AND TECHNOLOGY HE PLANS TO ESCAPE THE DEATH OF EARTH.

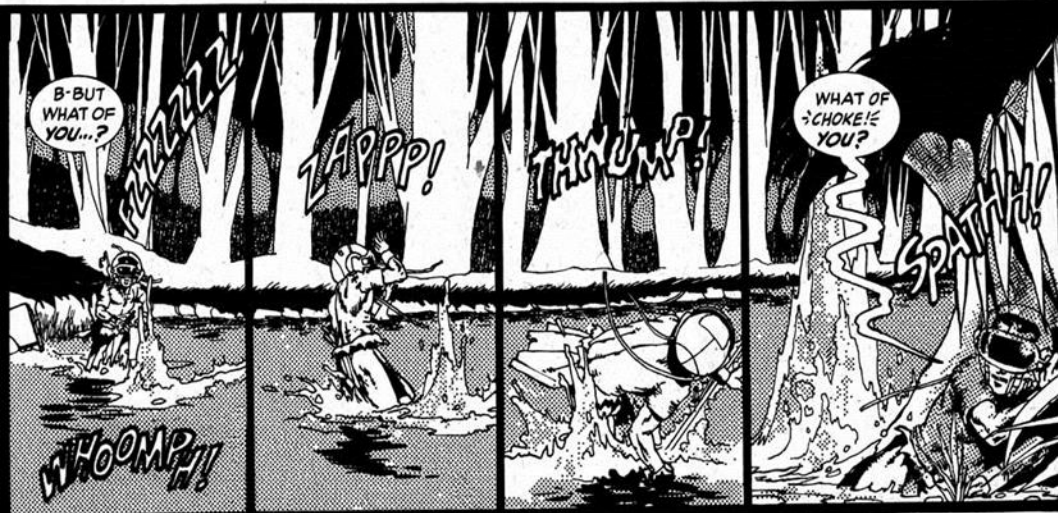
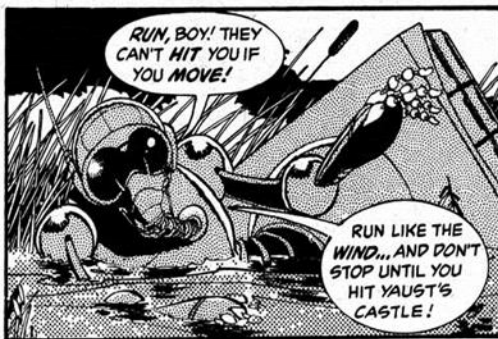
ONCE THE EARTH DIES, YAUST WILL RULE THE WORLD WITH HIS GOBLINS AS POLICE FORCE...

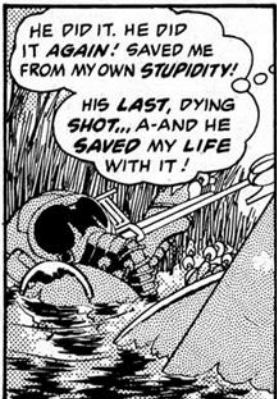
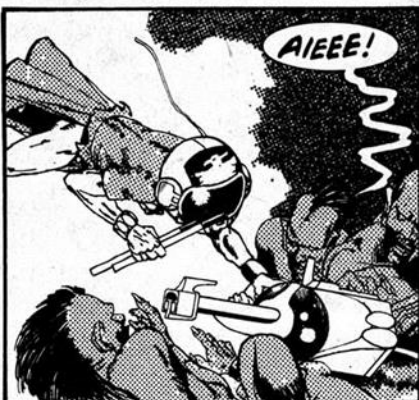


... AND THOUSANDS OF HUMAN PRISONERS WILL BE HIS SLAVES AND BREEDING STOCK.

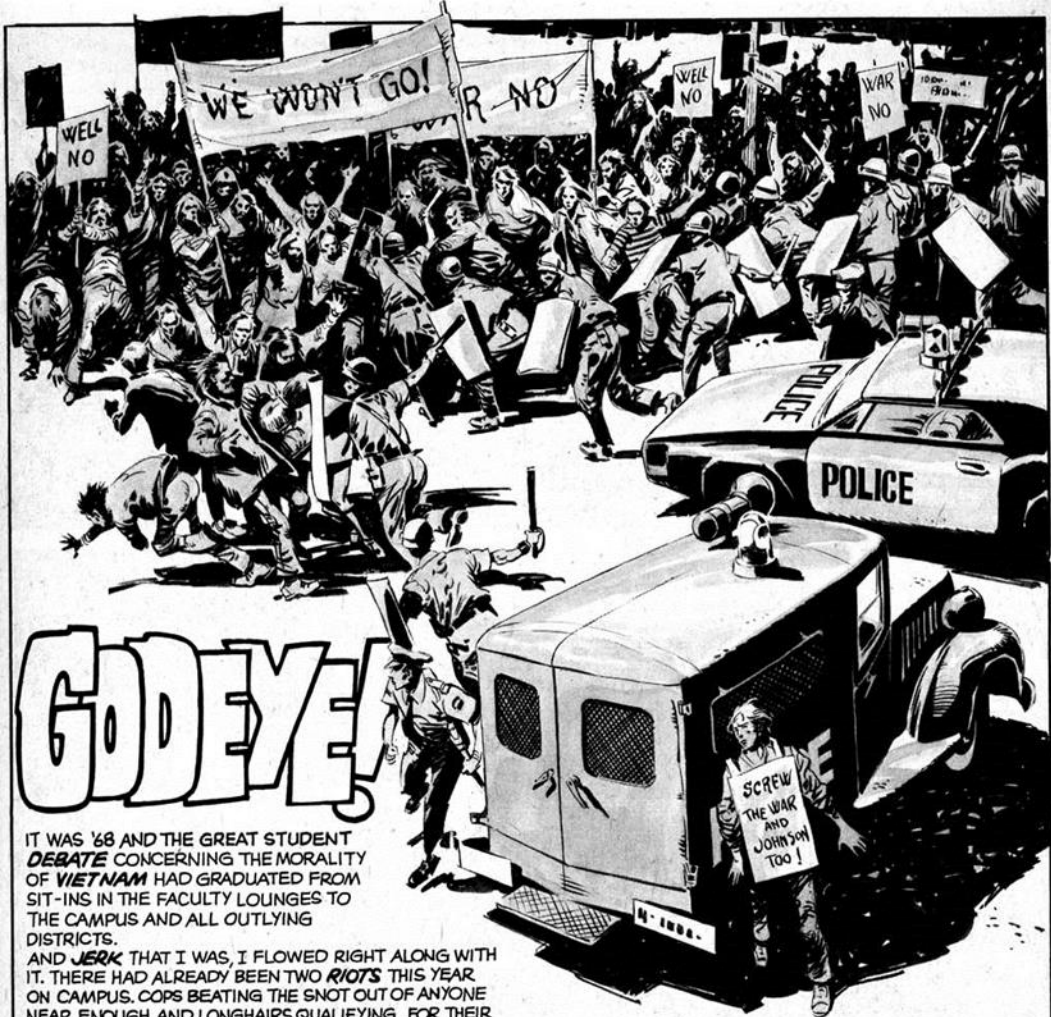
YAUST IS QUITE AN OPPORTUNIST.

MANDRAGORA NEEDS TIME TO UNITE THE COUNCIL. BUT YAUST IS SENDING GOONS TO STOP HIM. MANDRAGORA SENT ME TO STOP YAUST.





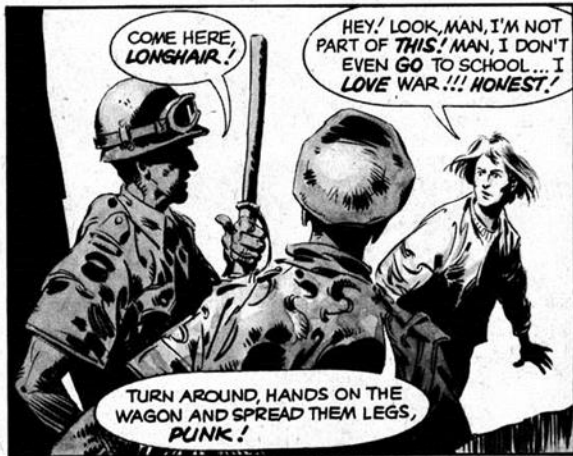
IN THE GAME OF SCAVENGE, ONLY THE HUNTER WITH EXCEEDING SKILL AND GUILE SURVIVES TO HUNT TOMORROW.

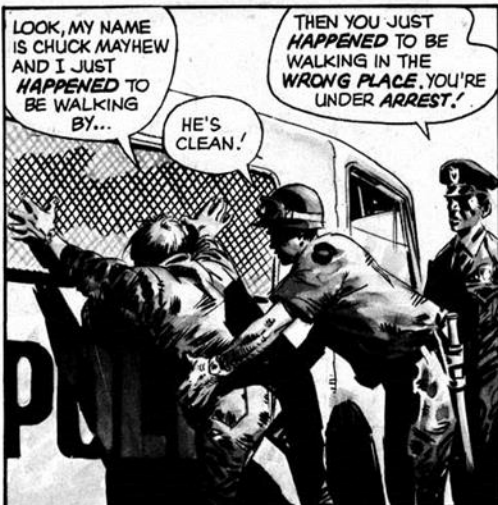


GOD EYE!

IT WAS '68 AND THE GREAT STUDENT **DEBATE** CONCERNING THE MORALITY OF **VIETNAM** HAD GRADUATED FROM SIT-INS IN THE FACULTY LOUNGES TO THE CAMPUS AND ALL OUTLYING DISTRICTS.

AND **JERK** THAT I WAS, I FLOWED RIGHT ALONG WITH IT. THERE HAD ALREADY BEEN TWO **RIOTS** THIS YEAR ON CAMPUS. COPS BEATING THE SNOT OUT OF ANYONE NEAR ENOUGH, AND LONGHAIRS QUALIFYING FOR THEIR MARKSMAN **MEDALS** WITH **ROCKS** AND **BOTTLES**. I'D JUST WATCHED ALL MY FRIENDS GET THEIR HEADS **BASHED** IN THIS MORNING AND DECIDED I'D **RETIRE** TO FIGURE OUT **ANOTHER** WAY TO PROTEST WAR **PEACEFULLY**!





I ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE CANADA. SO THIS WAS JUST THE RIGHT MOTIVATION TO BEGIN MY JOURNEY. I HAD TEN DAYS BEFORE THEY'D FIGURE OUT I WASN'T ENROLLING FOR THE WINTER SEMESTER AT HANOI UNIVERSITY. BY THE TIME THEY CAME LOOKING FOR ME, I'D BE TROUT FISHING IN VANCOUVER.



ONE WAY FARE TO ANYWHERE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

CANADA, HUH! DODGING THE DRAFT?

I CATCH COLDS IN DRAFTY PLACES.



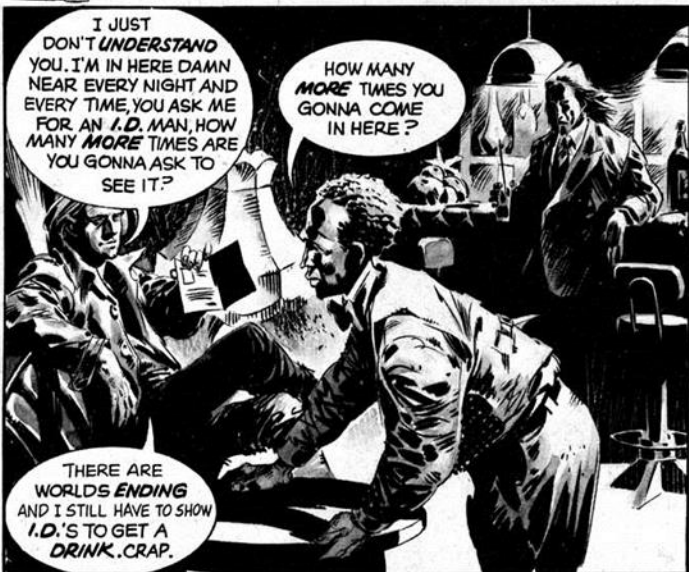
TWO HOURS TIL MY BUS LEAVES. JUST ENOUGH TIME TO GET PLASTERED!



I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU. I'M IN HERE DAMN NEAR EVERY NIGHT AND EVERY TIME YOU ASK ME FOR AN I.D. MAN, HOW MANY MORE TIMES ARE YOU GONNA ASK TO SEE IT?

HOW MANY MORE TIMES YOU GONNA COME IN HERE?

THERE ARE WORLDS ENDING AND I STILL HAVE TO SHOW I.D.'S TO GET A DRINK. CRAP.



HEY, 'NOTHER RUM AND COKE.

I'D PASSED ENOUGH TIME AND ENOUGH BOOZE SO THAT I WAS GETTING SPIRITUALLY READY TO GET MY BUTT OUT OF AMERICA. IT WASN'T SO MUCH THAT I WAS A PACIFIST... BUT I WAS A CERTIFIED, CARD-CARRYING CHICKEN. NO POLITICAL CONVICTIONS ABOUT VIET NAM, JUST BACK TROUBLE. A YELLOW STREAK. RIGHT UP THE CENTER.



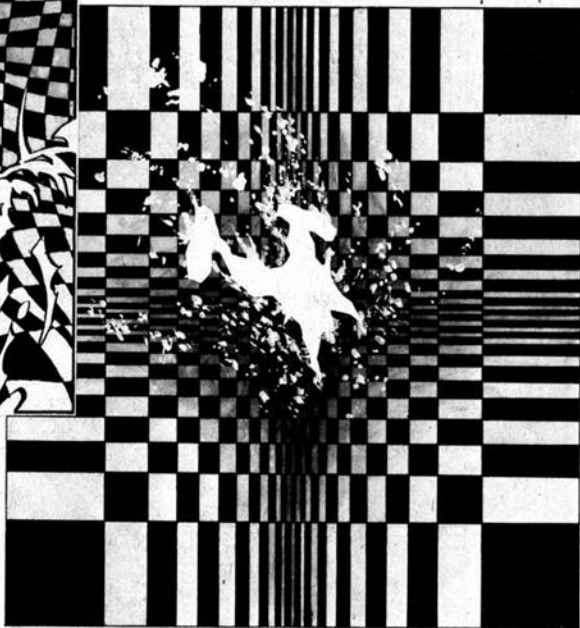


THE **JOLT** JARRED THE CRAP OUT OF ME AND I **BLACKED OUT**. BUT THEN, I SWEAR I REMEMBER FALLING. FALLING...!

I REMEMBER TRYING TO FLAP MY ARMS AND POSITION MY BODY... TRYING **NERVELESSLY** TO CONTROL THE FALL INTO A DIVE.



IT WAS LIKE GRABBING HOLD OF A HIGH TENSION WIRE... I **GUESS**.



I LANDED A PERFECT **THREE POINT** LANDING. TWO **ELBOWS** AND A **CHIN**.



STUNNED WASN'T THE BEST WORD FOR IT. THE BEST WORD IS A LITTLE **GEM** THEY COULDN'T **PRINT** HERE. **COSMOPOLITAN**, YES. HERE, **NO**. I LAY THERE THINKING. **NO**, WONDERING.



I FELT **SOMETHING** WELLING UP INSIDE ME. I COULD FEEL **WORDS** READYING TO BURST FORTH FROM MY **TONGUE**... WHICH WAS **JAMMED** INTO MY **CHEEK**. I KNEW WHAT THE WORDS WERE... THEY **STRUGGLED** FOR **RELEASE**! AND THEN...!

WH... WH...
WHERE
AM... I?

MY **EARLOBE**. THE LEFT ONE. I **TOUCHED** IT! IT WAS THE **ONLY** PART OF MY BODY THAT **DIDN'T HURT**. NOW I KNEW WHY THEY SAY IT ISN'T THE **FALL** THAT **KILLS YOU**... ITS THAT GODDAWFUL **SUDDEN STOP**!



YOU MAY **QUOTE** ME.

WELL... WHAT **ELSE** DO YOU SAY AT A TIME LIKE **THIS**?

I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE **ARE** TOTO... BUT I'VE GOT A FEELING WE'RE NOT IN **KANSAS** ANYMORE.



I FEEL THAT UNDER SITUATIONS OF **DURESS** MAINTAINING ONE'S SENSE OF HUMOR IS UTMOST IN **IMPORTANCE**.

IF THIS ROUTINE TURNS OUT TO BE **HALF** AS WEIRD AS A CAMPUS RIOT, I'M GOING TO NEED **PROTECTION**!



AT THIS POINT I WISHED I'D GONE ALONG QUIETLY WITH THOSE TWO **COPS**. AT LEAST IN **JAIL** THEY ONLY TAKE AWAY YOUR **BELT** AND **TIE**!

I **KNEW** I WAS **RIGHT**. A TRUE **HERO** THINKS INSTINCTIVELY FIRST OF **ARMAMENT**!



EVEN TOTALLY **ALIENATED**, FLUNG INTO **BIZARRE** SURROUNDINGS, AND **STARK NAKED**, THE **HERO** READIES HIMSELF FOR **WAR**!

YEAH, WELL, WHAT **ELSE** AM I **SUPPOSED** TO DO IN A PLACE WITH NOTHING BUT **ROCKS**...? KNIT MYSELF A **JOCK STRAP** OUT OF 'EM?

SHOW YOURSELF! COME OUT HERE!

NOTE HOW HE **QUICKENS** WITH **ANGER** AT HIS UNKNOWN, UNSEEN **ANTAGONIST**! I TELL YOU, THIS IS A **HERO**! I NEVER READ PEOPLE **WRONG**!



I'D HAD ENOUGH DILLY-DALLYING. IT WAS COLD AND WINDY OUT THERE. I WAS GETTING BLUE FROM DOOGING THE DRAFTS!

DAMMIT TO HELL...! THIS HAS GONE TOO FAR...! WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE? WHO ARE YOU?



THE NAME'S TOUCHSTONE! ABE TOUCHSTONE, O' WORSHIPFUL LORD HERO, SIR.

EH...! YOU?



YOU, YOUR LORD HERO, ARE OUR CHOSEN CRUSADER. AND WHAT IS THE NAME HIS LORDSHIP WOULD BE CALLED BY?

HUH?

WHAT'S YER NAME, CLOWN, YER NAME?!



MY... NAME? UH... NAME? GOD... I--!

ALL HAIL AND BOW IN HUMILITY BEFORE HIS HIGHNESS, LORD HERO... **GODEYE!**



MASTER GODEYE, TAKE COMMAND OF THY SERVANTS

SMILE, STUPID!





FOR SEVERAL DAYS, AND NIGHTS
I DRANK, SANG AND ACTED
VERY HEROIC AROUND THE
LADIES. I DIDN'T *FEEL*
HEROIC. I WAS GETTING THE
DRIFT, AND IT SURE
FELT LIKE THE
DRAFT. HERE
I WAS...



HEY! HERO!
JAR THE FLOOR!
REVEILLE!



AT THE OTHER END OF THE UNIVERSE, OR
SOMEWHERE, BEING SET UP TO DO
SOMETHING I WAS *RUNNING FROM* TO
START WITH. *FIGHT!* JEEZ!

I'LL GET A JOB IN THE
MORNING, MA!



UGH, ITS *EARLY*. WHAT
TIME IS IT?

I LET YOU SLEEP
IN... ITS *SIX*
O'CLOCK!

WHATSAMADDER
WITH YOU? EVEN GOD
DOESN'T GET UP AT
ANY *SIX* O'CLOCK!



YEAH, BUT GOD DOESN'T
HAVE TO KILL A MOTHERLOVIN'
CYCLOPS! YOU DO!
HERE, EVER USE A
BOW AND ARROW?

SURE!
ALLA TIME.
WHERE DYA PLUG
IT IN?



HIT *THAT*.

WHAT?

THE
GOULD.

WHAT
GOULD?

ON THE WALL.

WHAT
WALL?



CRIPES!

IF YOU SAY,
"AT LEAST I CAN HIT
THE BROAD SIDE OF A
BARN" AGAIN, I'LL
THROW UP!

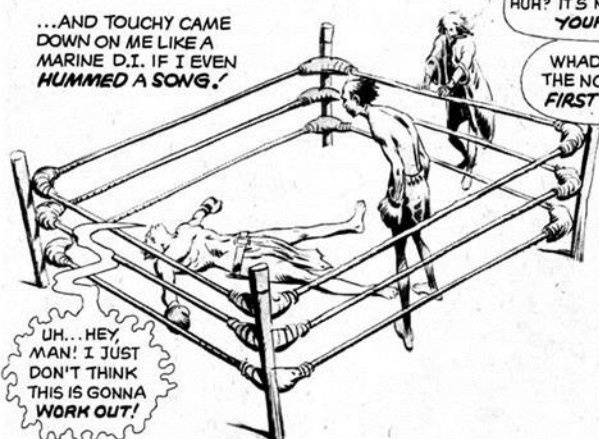
WANNA
GO FOR BEST
SEVEN OUTTA
THIRTEEN?



THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED WERE **GRUELING**. TOUCHY MAINTAINED I HAD TO GO INTO RIGOROUS TRAINING ERE MEETING THE FOE! I REPORTED TO **BOOT CAMP**. NO **BOOZE**...



...AND TOUCHY CAME DOWN ON ME LIKE A MARINE D.I. IF I EVEN **HUMMED A SONG**!



UH... HEY, MAN! I JUST DON'T THINK THIS IS GONNA **WORK OUT!**

YOU'RE **QUITTING** HUH? IT'S NO SKIN OFF **YOUR NOSE!**

WHADDAYA **MEAN?** THE NOSE WAS THE **FIRST PLACE** I GOT **SKINNED!**

BUT WHAT ABOUT **ME?** MY REPUTATION! I **BROUGHT** YOU HERE! **BUILT** YOU UP! **BIG HERO!** TRIP OVER YOUR OWN **FEET!** I'LL END UP HAVING TO FIGHT THE **CYCLOPS!**



WHAT DO YOU KNOW FROM **ARNOLD STANG?**

MORE THAN YOU KNOW ABOUT **HEROING**, BUDDY-BOY!

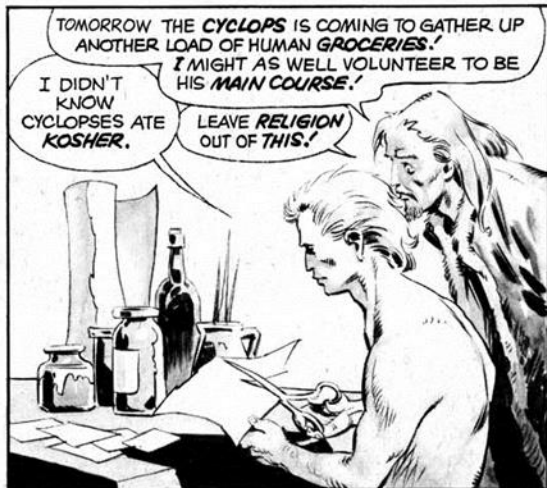
I MUSTA BEEN OUTTA MY **MIND!** I COULD MAKE A **KILLER** OUT OF **ARNOLD STANG** BEFORE I COULD **YOU!**



TOMORROW THE **CYCLOPS** IS COMING TO GATHER UP ANOTHER LOAD OF HUMAN **GROCERIES!** I MIGHT AS WELL VOLUNTEER TO BE HIS **MAIN COURSE!**

I DIDN'T KNOW **CYCLOPSES** ATE **KOSHER.**

LEAVE **RELIGION** OUT OF THIS!







AS I UNDERSTOOD IT, THE MONSTER CAME AT REGULAR INTERVALS TO DO HIS **GROCERY SHOPPING** AT THE VILLAGE. ALWAYS BEFORE THE TOWN WAS **LOCKED** AND **SHUTTERED**, BUT TODAY WAS ALMOST **FESTIVE**... COURTESY OF HIS HEROSHIP, **GODEYE**.

YOUR **LORDSHIP**, PLEASE DON'THY **CHAIN MAIL**.

THE **BLASTED CYCLOPS**'LL BE HERE ANY **MINUTE**! AT LEAST **LOOK** LIKE A **HERO** BEFORE YOU **HIGHTAIL** IT OUTTA HERE, **CHUCK**, PLEASE!

NAY, NAY SIR **TOUCHSTONE**! I NEED NO **ARMOR** IN COMBAT WITH SOME-THING AS **EASY** AS YON **CYCLOPS**!

KEEP YOUR **SHIRT ON, TOUGHY**! I WASN'T THE **LIFE** OF EVERY **CAMPUS** PARTY FOR **NOTHIN'**!

LORD GODEYE! THE **CYCLOPS**!

AIEE! THE **BEAST** APPROACHES YON!!!

OH **JEEZ**!

WE'RE A **LITTLE LATE** FOLKS, SO... **GOOD NIGHT**.

ENTER THE DRAGON!

C'MON, KID. TAKE THE **SWORD**. JAB HIM IN THE **EYE**!

I'D RATHER HAVE THE **JAWBONE** OF A **MULE'S HIND END**! HERE, JUST GIVE ME YOUR **CAPE**, THEN GIVE ME A **BIG INTRODUCTION**. SELL THE **ACT**!

IF I'M NOT BACK IN **FIFTEEN MINUTES**, CALL MY **INSURANCE COMPANY**.

LADIES AND GENTILES, I GIVE YOU THE **ONE**, THE **ONLY**, **HERO EXTRAORDINAIRE**, **GODEYE**!

SUDDENLY I FELT
LIKE GARY COOPER
IN *HIGH NOON*.



I WONDERED IF HE
DID TOO.



SAY, KID... YOU GOT A NAME?

DUH... HUH?

Y' NAME;
Y' NAME, WHAT...
IS... YOUR...
NAME!

OH... ME IS
KRAVITZ!

KRAVITZ? YOU AND
TOUCHY SHOULD SWAP
KOSHER RECIPES.

OKAY, HERE,
KRAVITZ! PICK A
CARD, ANY CARD...
THEY'RE ALL
DIFFERENT.

OKAY, DON'T LET ME
SEE IT! LOOK AT IT!
REMEMBER WHAT IT
LOOKED LIKE, GOT IT?



DUH... ME
IS GOT IT!



REMEMBER IT NOW, AND PLACE IT
BACK IN WITH THE OTHERS.

NOW I'LL MIX THEM ALL
AROUND.

A LITTLE
SHUFFLING
MUSIC, IF YOU
PLEASE.



THIS
WAS YOUR CARD,
WAS IT NOT,
MY BOY?



OOOOOOOH!
THIS AM FUUUUN!
DO AGAIN! DO
AGAIN!

HE WAS HOOKED. I
WONDERED IF HE
WAS A WAGERING
MAN, BUT HE'D
PROBABLY EAT
MONEY IF HE HAD
ANY!



I AM!

ONLY OF THAT AM I COMPLETELY CERTAIN!

OF ALL ELSE... THE
WHO, THE WHAT, THE
WHY... I CANNOT, I
DARE NOT SAY!

I REMEMBER **FIRST** THE DARKNESS.

THEN, THE **WARMTH**.

AND FINALLY, **AWARENESS...**

...BLIND, BLACK AWARENESS,
AND I KNEW I **WAS**...!
THAT **SOMEHOW** I HAD
COME INTO BEING...

THEN, I **SAW**... I SAW HIM WHO
BROUGHT **ABOUT** MY BEING!

I SAW HIM THROUGH RUDE, EVER-
STARING **EYES** IN MY NAKED UN-
FORMED FACE! I SAW HIM PER-
FORMING HIS MIRACLES, WORKING
HIS MAGIC! I **HEARD** HIS FAINT
MUTTERINGS!

HE SPOKE TO **HIMSELF**
OF **LIFE**... **CREATING**
LIFE! **ARTIFICIALLY!**

THEN HE'D **LOOK** AT
ME **APPROVINGLY** AND
I'D FEEL **NAKED**
AND **ASHAMED!**

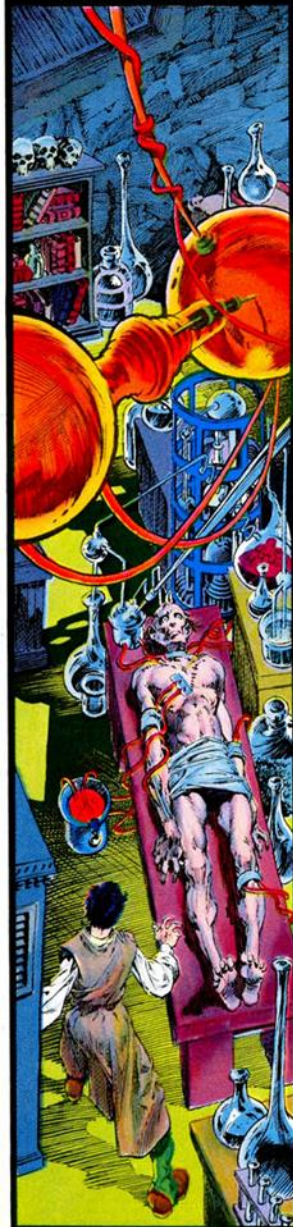
ONE DAY HE GATHERED
HIS **INSTRUMENTS** ABOUT
ME... ALL THE DELICATE
MACHINERIES OF METAL
AND GLASS.

HE OPENED **VALVES**,
SET MYSTERIOUS
LIQUIDS TO
BUBBLING,
THREW
SWITCHES...
ALL IN AN
EFFORT TO
ENDOW ME
WITH **LIFE!**

THE MUCK MONSTER

BUT I **RESENTED** HIM. I **RESENTED** HIS **PRESUMPTION** UPON A **HIGHER** POWER. I **REGISTED** HIS **ATTEMPTS** ON MY **BEING!**

I DID NOT **WANT** LIFE! SO I DID NOT **RECEIVE** IT!



AND MY CREATOR **RAGED.**

HE TURNED **OFF** HIS MACHINES AND **SCREAMED** AT MY LIFELESS FORM. HE **CURSED** ME... FOULLY, **THOROUGHLY!** HE **BLAMED ME** FOR HIS FAILURE!

BUT I DID NOT **WANT** HIS **GIFT** OF CREATION. I **REJECTED** IT. I HAD NO **PLACE** IN THE WORLD OF **MEN.**



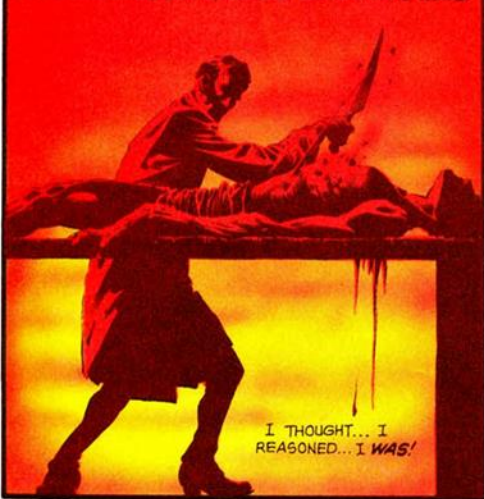
I KNEW NOT **WHAT** I **WAS**. I ONLY KNEW THAT I **SHOULD NOT BE.**

I WANTED TO **EXPLAIN!** BUT OF COURSE, I **COULDN'T!** AND WHEN, AT LENGTH, HIS RAGE **MOUNTED** AND HE LUNGED AT ME WITH THE **KNIFE**, I BECAME **ANGRY...**!

ANGRY NOT BECAUSE HE WOULD **DESTROY** WHAT HE HAD **CREATED** BUT BECAUSE HE DIDN'T **UNDERSTAND!**



I WAS AN **AWARE** BEING, NOT JUST AN INANIMATE **THING**



I THOUGHT... I REASONED... I **WAS!**

AND EVEN AS HE CARRIED MY **BODY** AND DROPPED IT, **PIECE BY PIECE** INTO THE **ACID**, I LONGED TO TELL HIM ANY **THOUGHTS...** TO **EXPLAIN...** TO MAKE HIM **AWARE** OF HIS **FOLLY**.

I WANTED HIM TO **UNDERSTAND!**



BUT, ALL THAT HE HAD **LABORED** OVER FOR SO MANY MONTHS **DISSOLVED** INTO A THICK, FOUL-SMELLING **BLACK SLUDGE...**



... WHICH HE SENT SLIDING DOWN A **GUTTER...**




... THROUGH A **GRATE...**



... AND INTO **OBLIVION!**







FOR A TIME I SENSED
DARKNESS AND PEACE.



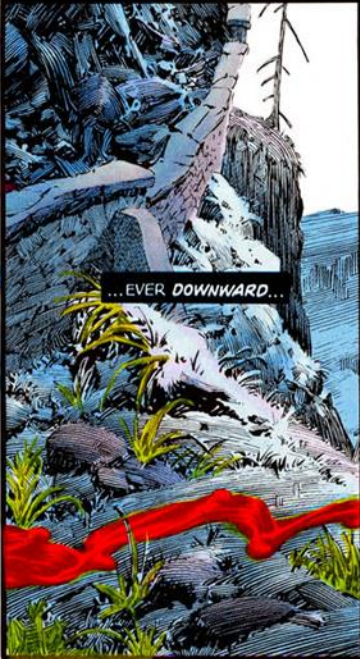
THEN, I FLOWED
THROUGH A CRACK IN THE STONE CESS-
POOL AND ONTO DAMP MOSSY EARTH.



I SLID OVER ROCKS AND GRASS,
DRAWING THE LIFE FROM THE
SMALL LIVING THINGS IN MY PATH!



I FLOWED ONWARD...THROUGH THE
WOODS AND OVER A RETAINING WALL...



...EVER DOWNWARD...



...TO A PLACE
OF THE DEAD.

SEEPING...DOWN THROUGH EARTH AND STONE PAST GRAVE-CRAWLING HORRORS I FOUND THOSE WHO HAD **CEASED** LIVING.



THERE WAS A **MINGLING...**
A **MEETING** OF **FLESH**
AND **EARTH** AND **MIND**
AND **SPRIT!** THE COMING
OF **LIFE** SOMEHOW FROM
THE WRECKAGE OF **DEATH...**



AND I SUDDENLY
KNEW THAT... I **LIVED!**



A **MERGING...** A
FUSING... AND I
FOUND MYSELF
GROPING **UPWARDS**
SEEKING TO **RID**
MYSELF OF THE
CLINGING **EARTH!**



THE GROUND **HEAVED**,
THEN SETTLED, THEN
HEAVED AGAIN...
AND GRUDGINGLY
SET ME **FREE...!**



SWAYING UNCERTAINLY
ON UNSTEADY **LEGS**
I LUMBERED OFF TO
FIND MY **CREATOR...!**



HE **SCREAMED** WHEN HE SAW ME!

I WAS **AWARE** OF HIS FEAR
AND I WANTED ONLY TO **COM-
FORT** HIM... TO SHOW HIM
THE **LESSON** IN MY **BEING!**

I WANTED TO SHOW HIM HIS
MISTAKE IN BRINGING
ME ABOUT.

I SPOKE, BUT HE DID NOT **HEAR!**
THE SOUND OF HIS **LAUGHTER** OVER-
POWERED MY LOW, RASPY **VOICE!**

I BECAME **ANGRY!** I PLACED
A **HAND** OVER HIS MOUTH, BUT
BEFORE I COULD SPEAK AGAIN,
I REALIZED THAT I COULD
NEVER STOP THE LAUGHTER IN
HIS **EYES!**

THAT LAUGHTER WOULD GO ON **FOR-
EVER...** TILL THE DAY HE **DIED!**

I WANTED HIM TO **LIS-
TEN**, BUT THE LAUGHING
PREVENTED IT!

FOR HE WAS **MAD!**

I RELEASED MY HOLD AND
I HEARD THE **LAUGHTER**
AGAIN. HE WAS **INSANE...**
HIS MIND **GONE!**

BUT WHAT OF **ME?**

WAS I ANY **LESS** MAD? I...WHOSE
MERE APPEARANCE DROVE A MAN
OUT OF HIS MIND...?

WAS **I** MAD, TOO? THE
THOUGHT WAS FUNNY.

...IRONIC! I WOULD
HAVE LAUGHED AT IT
IF THE URGE TO **CRY**
WERE NOT SO STRONG...!

NO, **I** WAS NOT...
AM NOT MAD!

I JUST...**AM...**!

THE BREEZE IS COOL, AND THE FAINT GLIMMER OF EARLY LIGHT
BRIGHTENS A FINE, MISTY VALLEY THAT SEEMS TO GO ON **FOREVER**.

MY THOUGHTS ARE LOST IN THE
VASTNESS THAT SURROUNDS ME...

...FOREVER...

DOES THAT WHICH **IS** GO ON FOREVER? **PERHAPS!**

YET PERHAPS IT JUST **PASSES ON**...
PERHAPS IT JUST **CEASES** TO EXIST!

THE SUN IS **RIISING** NOW.

THE DAY IS **BORN** AND
THE EARTH **CELEBRATES**.

AND I... I AM **PART**
OF THE **CELEBRATION**...!

YES... I **BELONG**
AND I **CELEBRATE**...
EVEN AS THE **ROCKS**
AND THE **TREES** ON
THIS MOUNTAINTOP
CELEBRATE...!

I **BELONG** HERE... I AM **ACCEPTED**!

I SHALL **STAY** HERE TO CELEBRATE THE DAY...TO **CELEBRATE** THAT WHICH **IS**!

FOR I, TOO, HAVE FOUND
A **HOME**... A **PURPOSE**...

...FOREVER...



There never was anything like **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN**. The hilarious new movie starring Gene Wilder as Dr. Freddy Frankenstein, Peter Boyle as The Monster, Marty Feldman as Igor, plus Cloris Leachman, Teri Garr, Kenneth Mars and Madeline Kahn. The paperback book based on this 20th Century-Fox movie is now available along with this terrific full-color poster (shown above), T-Shirt, etc.! Be the first ghoul on your block to have all this great **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN** stuff!

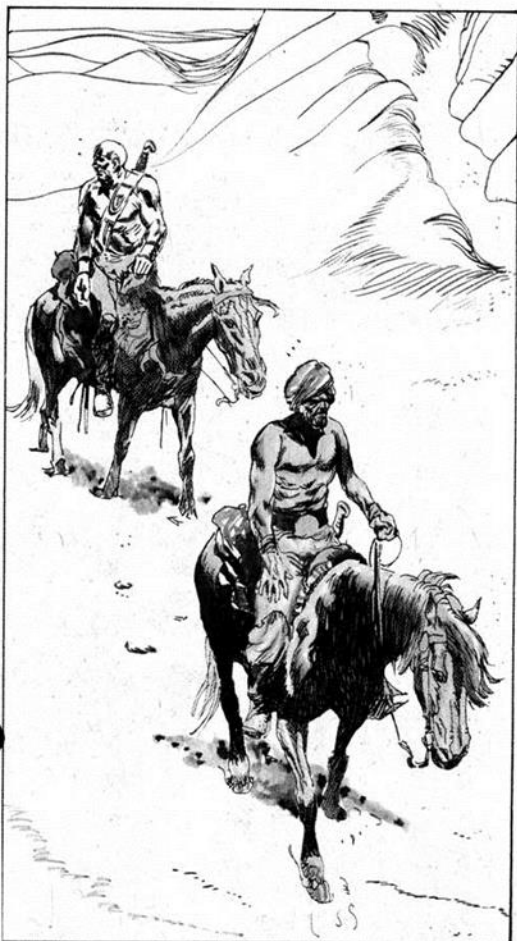


IN THE DARKEST TIME OF THEIR LIVES, DEEP BROWN AND JORUM WERE FRIENDS. AND TOGETHER THEY WERE LEGEND.

IN THE TIME THEY LIVED, IN THE WORLD THEY LIVED, THEY WERE **FREE MEN**, ANIMATED ADVENTURERS QUICK WITH SABER IN SEARCH OF DANGER, AMUSEMENT, ROMANCE AND DANGER... PURSUANT OF ODIUS VILLAINS, ABOMINABLE MONSTERS, AND CRAFTY WIZARDS IN WONDROUS KINGDOMS.

EQUALLY, THEY WERE **ROGUES** (BUT NOT VILLAINS), ARTFUL IN LYING, CONNING AND FORTUNE-SEEKING! THEY WERE WILY, WITH A TASTE FOR NONSENSE, LOOSE WOMEN, AND SWEATY WRESTLING MARATHONS, VAGUELY IN THAT ORDER.

DEEP BROWN AND JORUM



DEEP BROWN AND JORUM WERE LEGEND. THEY WERE TWO MEN, COMPANIONS IN SERVICE TO THEIR KING, QUEEN AND COUNTRY, WHO SOUGHT **WONDER** IN LIFE AND FOUND IT **EVERYWHERE** IN THE DARKEST TIME OF THEIR LIVES.





IN THE **BRIGHTEST** TIME OF THEIR LIVES, DEEP BROWN AND JORUM ARE STRANGERS. THEY ARE TWO MEN VERY FAR APART, OF VERY DIFFERENT CLIMATES AND BACKGROUNDS. YET IT IS **INCONCEIVABLE** THAT TWO SUCH MEN AS THESE, JORUM AND DEEP BROWN, COULD NOT HAVE COME TOGETHER FROM THE TIME THEIR EYES FIRST MET ACROSS THE AUCTION BLOCK CROWD IN YONDUR.

JORUM IS A BRIGHT AND INTREPID LAD RELEASED INTO THE WORLD NOT LONG BEFORE, TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE.

DEEP BROWN IS A SLAVE, A STABLEHAND AND BIMBO TO NOBLEWOMEN OF ROYAL COURTS. HE IS NOT HERE BY CHOICE.

STILL, UNALIKE AS THEY MAY SEEM, BOTH ARE UNQUIET REBELS, PRIMED AND UNDER A COCKED HAMMER, AND, AS THEY ARE SOON TO DISCOVER FOR THEMSELVES, OF THE VERY SAME CALIBER.



EXCUSE ME, WEALTHY LADY... I DIDN'T MEAN TO BUMP YOU!

OH!

CLOD! I'LL HOOK HARD INTO YOUR BACKSIDE FOR THAT.



OH, NO! DON'T SCAR THAT BEAUTIFUL SKIN!

THIS ONE IS WELCOME TO BUMP INTO ME ANYTIME!

HMPH! COME ALONG, YOU!



MAKE WAY FOR JORUM BROQUERAT, GREATEST OF ALL LIVING SWORDSMEN, PROSTRATOR OF BRUTES AND SCOUNDRELS, AND GENUINE INSPIRATION FOR THE MASSES!

SO, YOUNG SWAGGERING PUFFERFISH, INTERESTED IN A HANDSOME LAD FOR YOURSELF, HAPS?

HAPS, FRIEND EYEPATCH. I FANCY ME THAT ONE THERE ...THE FRIGHTENING PRIMITIVE, WITH THE BIG FEET.

BUT I WANT TO SEE HIM FIRST... ALL OF HIM...! THROW ME HIS TOGA.



HMM, AS I THOUGHT. THIS IS **RUMMIAN** CLOTH. POOR BREEDING. IMPOSSIBLE TO TRAIN THESE PEOPLE... HAVE TO KEEP THEM UNDER THE WHIP.

HERE, PRIMITIVE, YOU'RE GOING TO NEED THIS.

OH, LOOK AT THAT.

WHAT A **BEERCAKE!**

AHEM! WITH YOUR PERMISSION, THEN, I'LL GO ON...!

WHAT AM I BID FOR THIS EXQUISITE NOVELTY ITEM, NOBLE LADIES? 5,000 GOLD LUCRES?

5,000!

6,000!

6,500!

10.

7,000!

7,500!

5.

8,000!

10,000 GOLD LUCRES!

2 GOLD LUCRES, AND THAT'S MY FINAL OFFER.

T-THE BIDDING I-IS CLOSED.

J-JORUM BROQUERAT W-WINS!

THANK YOU, FRIEND EYE PATCH! YOU CAN **BILL** ME THE LUCRES.

NO NEED TO WASH HIM UP... I'LL TAKE HIM AS IS!

CHEATS! STOP THEM! THEY HAVE SWINDLED ME!

OH, FISHEYES! NOW IT LOOKS LIKE WE'LL JUST HAVE TO FIGHT!

SAY THERE, PRIMITIVE, CAN YOU SPEAK?

ANY PARTICULAR LANGUAGE OR DIALECT?



HO, I LIKE THAT! A CIVILIZED PRIMITIVE, HOW ABOUT A NAME?

AYE...! "BULL WITH DUNG-COLORED FEET."

YOU'RE JOKING!

NOPE!

BUT MY FRIENDS CALL ME DEEP BROWN... BECAUSE OF MY FLAWLESS GOOD LOOKS AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION!



WHAT DO YOUR MASTERS CALL YOU?

"COME BACK HERE" SEEMS THE BIG FAVORITE....!

COME BACK HERE!



HEY, THAT
REMINDS ME...
WHERE'S MY
PURSE?

OH... THIS
PURSE?

GIVE IT TO
ME, YOU STOLE
IT FROM MY
TOGA AT THE
AUCTION WHEN
YOU MADE ME
PEEL DOWN.

OF COURSE, I RECOGNIZE IT
NOW! THE SAME PURSE YOU
STOLE FROM THAT FAT
NOBLEWOMAN WHEN YOU
COLLIDED INTO HER...!

TSK!

HER
SLIGHT
MISFOR-
TUNE!

WELL, SUPPOSE
WE JUST CONSIDER
THIS MERRY THANKS
FOR MY SLIPPING YOU
BACK THAT KNIFE!

OH... THIS KNIFE?

ALL RIGHT!
BE THAT WAY! IF
ALL YOU WANT FROM
LIFE ARE A FEW
GOLD LUCRES,
THEN HERE
TAKE THEM!

OF COURSE, WHERE
I'M GOING, THERE
WANTS GUMMYSACKS
OF THAT KIND OF
BOODLE! PEARLS THE
SIZE OF YOUR EYES,
DIAMONDS AS BIG AS
APPLES, AND PALACES
OF SILVER, AND
GOLD.

THERE ARE WOMEN... BEAUUTIFUL WOMEN...
WHO CRY FEARFULLY IF YOU FAIL TO ASK THEM. AND
THERE ARE DANGERS, AND GOOD FIGHTING,
BEYOND YOUR WILDEST ADVENTURES! ALL JUST
OVER THAT MOUNTAIN...!

I WAS GOING TO
OFFER YOU TO COME WITH
ME... BUT I CANNOT BE HELD
DOWN BY SMALL MINDS
AND SIMPLE TASTES.

BY THE GRAND STAR,
JORUM BROQUERAT, YOUR
WORDS HAVE THE STING
OF WISDOM TO THEM!

TO ASHES WITH
SUCH PITIFUL BOOTY!
DEEP BROWN AND
JORUM BROQUERAT ARE
DESTINED FOR BETTER
THINGS!

ONE
THING, DEEP
BROWN...

...IF WE START OUT ON THIS THING, I HOPE
YOU WON'T BE THIS DAZZLED BY MY TALK
EVERY TIME WE GET A LITTLE MONEY
TOGETHER...!

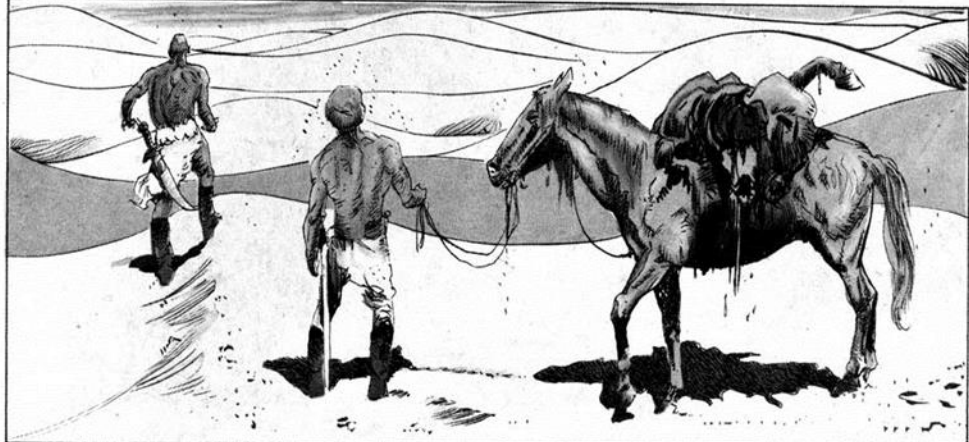


IN THE **BRIGHTEST** TIME OF THEIR LIVES, DEEP BROWN AND JORUM ARE NOT FOUND SLOW WHEN THE WHOREVILLAGE OF SYBAR IS BEING TERRORIZED BY AN INCREDIBLE FIEND WHO IS MURDERING THEN DRAINING OFF THE BLOOD OF THE LADIES THERE. IT IS KORVOS, AN **INCUBUS**, WITH PUPILESS EYES AND NEAR TRANSPARENT SKIN, WHO DISGUISED AS A CUSTOMER STRANGLES THE WOMEN THEN SLURPS UP THEIR BLOOD THROUGH HIS SINGLE NOSTRIL. JORUM, DRESSED IN HIS PRETTIEST DRAG, LURES KORVOS TO HIS BORDELLO, AND WITH DEEP BROWN THEY TANDEMLY CUT THE INCUBUS TO RIBBONS AND FEED HIM TO THE WEASELS.

CHE KIDNAPPING OF THE QUEEN'S CONSORT BY FANATIC DISSIDENTS HAS RISEN HER HACKLES, AND DEEP BROWN AND JORUM, AS RECENTLY RECRUITED BLADES OF THE KING'S

ELITE GUARD IN ARCADIA, ARE DISPATCHED TO RECOVER HIM. THEY FIND THE CONSORT, IN A WOODSMAN'S HUT, AND AGAINST IMPOSSIBLE OPPOSITION MANAGE TO **SAVE** HIM, BUT ONLY AFTER JORUM IS USED AS A BATTERING RAM AGAINST A HARD OAK DOOR, TOGETHER WITH DODGING, EVERY INCH OF THE WAY, ALL THE WEAPONS THE DISSIDENTS HAD AMASSED FOR SOME FUTURE REBELLION. (ALL OF WHICH IS EASY COMPARED TO KEEPING THE ENTIRE AFFAIR QUIET FROM THE **KINGS**, WHO IS UNAWARE THE QUEEN EVEN **HAS** A CONSORT.)





HE WIZARD **MERIDIAN** (THE **BERSERKER**) SWEARS **BLACKEST REVENGE** WHEN HE IS REPLACED AS COURT MAGICIAN IN **ARCADIA** BY AN UPSTART YOUNG "**SCIENTIST**." SOON AFTERWARD, OFFICIALS CLOSE TO THE THRONE ARE FOUND WITH THEIR BRAINS PLUCKED OUT AND LAID IN THEIR LAPS. AND THE BISHOP HIMSELF IS RIPPED TO PIECES BY A GENTLE ZEPHYR BREEZE AS HE READS HIS FIRST SPRING SERMON. **DEEP BROWN** AND **JORUM** ARE AT ONCE UPON **MERIDIAN** IN HIS MOUNTAIN FORTRESS, BUT ARE QUICKLY IN AS **MUCH** TROUBLE AS THE FLOOR BENEATH THEIR FEET TURNS TO MOLTEN WAX, SWALLOWING THEM UP. THEY ARE SAVED AT THE LAST INSTANT ONLY BY A "PORTA-CANNON," A DEVICE GIVEN THEM BY THE UPSTART SCIENTIST, LEARNED LATER TO BE **MERIDIAN'S** OWN **SON**. **MERIDIAN** HIMSELF ESCAPES WITH ONLY A WOUND, VOWING TO **RETURN**.



DEEP BROWN AND **JORUM** STRIKE OUT TO THE **ICESWAMPS**, WHERE LONG AGO A GLACIAL AGE CHANGED A TROPICAL MARSHLAND INTO A FROZEN WASTE, ALTERING DRASTICALLY ALL LIFE THERE, OR KILLING IT. BUT THE MOST AMAZING PART OF THE EXPEDITION PROVES NOT TO BE THE SNOW SNAKES, NOR THE GREAT WOOLY CLAW-DUCKS, NOR EVEN THE **POLARGATORS**, GHASTLY BEASTS WHICH GROW IN EXCESS OF SEVENTY FEET. IT IS INSTEAD THE **DAUGHTERS** OF THE CHIEFTAIN **POGA** (OF THE BEAR-SQUEEZERS TRIBE) **EIGHT** OF THEM, IDENTICAL OCTUPLETS OF ALMOST CRIMINAL BEAUTY, WHOM **POGA** DECIDES ARE AT LAST IN NEED OF PRUNING! HE BEGS THE ASSISTANCE OF **DEEP BROWN** AND **JORUM**. (THEY OBLIGE.)





IN KAKATOPIA, THE DEATH OF A NOTORIOUS AND FEARED ASSASSIN BRINGS CRIES OF **DEATH** FOR HIS SIX CHILDREN BY VENGEFUL CITIZENS.

HEARING OF THIS, DEEP BROWN AND JORUM, WHO WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ASSASSIN'S DEMISE IN THE FIRST PLACE, MAKE A **DESPERATE RUN** WITH THE CHILDREN FOR SAFETY. THEY RUN FOR **MILES** THROUGH TREACHEROUS TERRAIN, **ON FOOT** WITH THE CHILDREN **TIED** TO THEM! WHEN THEIR HORSES ARE KILLED IN AN AMBUSH, THE BLOODTHIRSTY MOB IS JUST METERS BEHIND. TWO DAYS LATER, SAFE AND SOUND, THE CHILDREN ARE ADOPTED BY THE WOMEN OF SYBAR.

THE NIGHT OF THIRTY ORGIES IN THE FESTIVAL CITY OF CARNALION SEEMS TOO REMARKABLE A PROPOSAL TO PASS UP FOR THE ROAD-WEARY DEEP BROWN AND JORUM, RETURNING FROM A BITTER CAMPAIGN IN THE PLAINLANDS AND PRESENTLY MAKING THEIR WAY HOMEWARD. THEY **WINE UP**, PLANNING TO ATTEND **EVERY ONE** OF THE ORGIES, BUT ALL THEY CRASH IS A NEST OF **ROSEN-POSIES**, A SAVAGE FAGGOT STREET-GANG IN THAT AREA REKNOWN FOR THEIR LACK OF HUMOR AND ATYPICAL HOSTILITY TOWARD MACHO MALES. THIS ERROR NEARLY MAKES DEEP BROWN AND JORUM LATE FOR THEIR **WEDDING**, WHICH THEY HAVE TO ATTEND IN THE TAR-AND-FEATHERS APPLIED BY THE CRAZED FAGGOTS.





THE EYEGEMS OF THE BILDERS OBELISK HOLDS A CONSIDERABLE INFLUENCE ON THAT RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY, AND THE OUTLAW MONKS OF BILDERS, MADE RICH BY THIS INFLUENCE, MADE CERTAIN THE GEMS WERE KEPT UNDER THE **TIGHTEST** OF SECURITY. THEY ERECTED HIGH WALLS ONE HUNDRED FEET TALL ON ALL SIDES OF THE OBELISK, LEAVING NO ENTRANCE TO THE AREA AND TOSsing ONLY ENOUGH FOOD OVER THE WALL TO THE GIANT MASTIFF HOUNDS WHICH GUARDED THE OBELISK AS TO KEEP THEM **MURDEROUS**, MAKING THE THEFT OF THE GEMS A **CERTAIN** IMPOSSIBILITY. UNFORTUNATELY, DEEP BROWN AND JORUM WERE NEVER SO INFORMED, AND HEIST THE GEMS BY DEEP BROWN LOWERING JORUM FROM OVERHEAD ON A TIGHTROPE! THEN JORUM, **STARK-NAKED** TO AVOID MAGNETIC TRAPS SET OFF BY METAL IN HIS CLOTHING, **BITES** THE EYEGEMS OFF WITH HIS TEETH!



MERIDIAN THE WIZARD BERSERKER **RETURNS**, WITH COMPANY THIS TIME, IN THE FORM OF AN **ARMORED DRAGON**, TOGETHER SWOOPING FROM ON HIGH TO STRIKE TERROR INTO THE POPULATION OF ARCADIA. NO STEEL OR EXPLOSIVE SEEMS ABLE TO PIERCE THE BEAST'S METALLIC HIDE, AND THE WIZARD HIMSELF IS ARMORED (HAVING LEARNED FROM AN EARLIER EXPERIENCE): ALL HOPE LIES WITH DEEP BROWN AND JORUM AND **ABSTAN**, MERIDIAN'S DISOWNED SCIENTIST SON, WHO BOUND AFTER MERIDIAN IN ABSTAN'S LEAPING SKY-SHIP, THE **HORIZON-JUMPER**, A PREPOSTEROUS BUT EFFECTIVE VEHICLE WHICH HOPS FROM PLACE TO PLACE. AS A CLIMAX TO A LONG SKY BATTLE, A RAMMING ATTEMPT ON THE HORIZON-JUMPER IS OUT MANEUVERED BY ITS CREW, AND MERIDIAN AND DRAGON ARE SENT HURLING INTO A LIVE VOLCANO, AND NOTHING MORE IS EVER HEARD FROM MERIDIAN THE WIZARD BERSERKER.

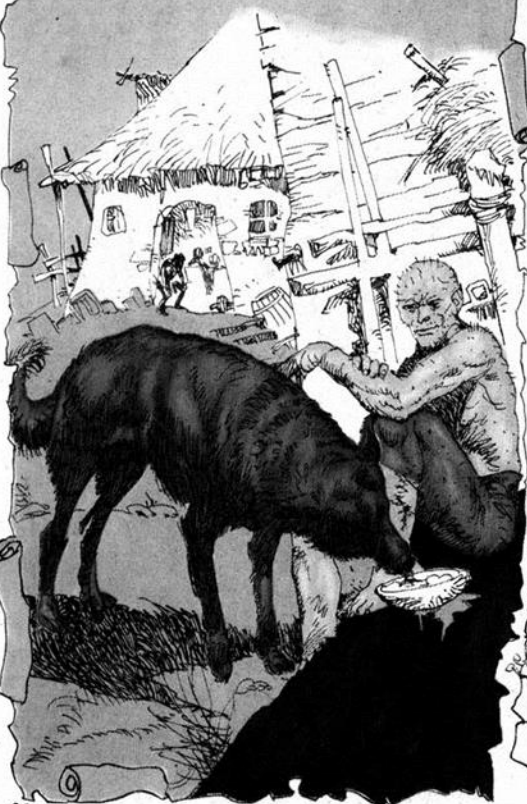




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SCHEME OF DEEP BROWN AND JORUM'S TO MAKE MONEY FOR THEIR EARLY RETIREMENT GOES AMISS, AND THE ONLY RESULT OF A LONG AND NOT AT ALL SUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT AT

RUSTLING IS THAT JORUM CATCHES A DISEASE THOUGHT COMMON ONLY TO SHEEP, AND IS SHAVED FROM HEAD TO TOE AND SCRUBBED DOWN WITH AN UNPLEASANT HOME REMEDY, SO HUMILIATED IS JORUM BY THE WHOLE AFFAIR THAT HE TALKS TO NO ONE FOR TWO WEEKS AND SLEEPS OUTSIDE WITH THE DOG. (A MONTH LATER IT IS DISCOVERED JORUM HAS CONTRACTED A DISEASE THOUGHT COMMON ONLY TO DOGS.)



D

EEP BROWN AND JORUM'S **LAST** CAMPAIGN FOR ARCADIA IS ONE WITHOUT A LIGHT MOMENT. THERE IS ONLY MONSTROUS **HORROR**, BROUGHT ON BY THE **DROUGHT**, A

CONDITION THAT PERVADES THE **ENTIRE** WORLD, FOLLOWED BY PLAGUES AND VIOLENCE FOR SURVIVAL. WHAT BEGINS AS AN EFFORT TO HELP IN THE REGULATING OF FOOD AND WATER DISTRIBUTION BECOMES A WAR AGAINST FARMERS FOR DEEP BROWN AND JORUM. IT IS A WAR AGAINST WOMEN WHO HAVE TAKEN UP ARMS TO FEED THEIR CHILDREN, AGAINST THE SICK, AGAINST EVERY MAN AND ANIMAL WITH A MOUTH. HERE IS NATURE AT ITS MOST **VENGEFUL**, UNWINDING A CAREFUL TAPESTRY OF CENTURIES, RETURNING ALL OF CIVILIZATION TO THE DUST, SPARING NOTHING! IT IS USELESS TO RESIST IT. DEEP BROWN AND JORUM NEVER RETURN HOME FROM THIS. THE **CANNIBALISM** THAT WHOLLY WIPE OUT THEIR FAMILIES IS NOW A FACT IN EVERY TOWN AND COMMUNITY, LEAVING ONLY THE **DESERT** FREE FROM MADNESS. IT IS THERE THEIR SAGA ENDS.







HEY... THAT REMINDS ME...
HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE I
WOULD'VE FARED... AS A
STUD? I NEVER STAYED
WITH A BUYER... YOU
KNOW... LONG ENOUGH
TO FIND OUT...!

YOU WOULD'VE BEEN
A FLOP. I **KNOW**...!
YOU'RE TOO DAMN
BIG FOR THOSE
DAINTY
NOBLEWOMEN.



JUST THE SAME... IT
WOULD'VE BEEN FUN TO
SCARE THEM...!

AGH! DAMN THAT
HUNGRY BUG! I WISH
HE'D MADE HIS
INTENTIONS
KNOWN...!

I'D... HAVE GIVEN HIM...
THE HORSE... IF HE'D...
ONLY... ASKED...!
... I...!



N THE DARKEST TIME OF THEIR LIVES,
DEEP BROWN AND JORUM WERE
FRIENDS.

IN THEIR TIME, THEY WERE
UNCOMMON MEN, OF UNCOMMON
TALENTS AND SKILLS, WHO TOOK UP
THEIR BLADES WITHOUT HESITANCE
FOR A CAUSE OR A WHIM, AND WHO
KNEW NO GREATER LOVE THAN THE
LOVE THEY HELD FOR EACH OTHER.



AND TOGETHER, THEY WERE **LEGEND**.

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PREVIEW

EERIE #69

SIX SPECTACULAR STORIES
AN ALL HUNTER ISSUE!



Demon Hunter! Demon killer! Progeny of rape! Spawned by a demon general upon a human mother. A half breed. Nearly human... except for copper skin and slit-gold eyes. Only he stands between defenseless humanity and the emerald hordes threatening to engulf it. With his ally Schreck, aided by the blood princess, Hunter battles against overwhelming odds. His goal: destruction of his demon father Olphal and human sovereignty again!

ON SALE AUGUST 7th!